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The Week

THE danger of an openly admitted and general war, which seemed so urgent a week ago, has somewhat abated during the past seven days. . . . The Russo-Japanese crisis, which apparently grew out of Tokyo's belief that the internal situation in the USSR made the country temporarily ineffective in a military sense, was ended through the withdrawal of all Russian forces in the disputed area on the Amur River. . . . In Western Europe, the deadlock in the Non-Intervention Committee over the patrol of the Spanish coast continued unbroken, but Germany and Italy seemed to be coming to the tardy realization that their withdrawal might prove more advantageous to the Valencia government than to General Franco. Great Britain assumed a stiffer attitude toward Germany and Italy than in the recent past, and they became correspondingly somewhat more cautious. . . . It is reported that Great Britain has made arrangements to resume the movement of iron ore through Bilbao, now in fascist hands—some of the same iron ore Hitler said he must have. . . . There are signs, moreover, of a friendlier feeling between Great Britain and Portugal. . . . While it is hinted that Great Britain and France might give Franco belligerent status, on condition that German and Italian "volunteers" be withdrawn, the rebel leader, on the contrary, is said to have told the fascist dictators he must have additional supplies, including many tanks, 50 artillery batteries, 500 airplanes and 125,000 men.

AT LAST the effort to mediate the steel strike broke through the solid front of the independent employers when Governor Townsend of Indiana succeeded in getting an agreement from Inland Steel and the union to cease their warfare pending a decision of the National Labor Relations Board on the complaint that the company had violated the Wagner law by refusing to sign a contract. The mills reopened and the strikers went back to work with the consent of their union. Youngstown having declined to make a similar agreement, the Governor refused military protection for its plants to reopen in his state. . . . Mills in other states reopened without agreement and under protection; the union and the companies disputed as to the numbers returning to work, but according to even the highest estimates the strike was far from broken. . . . Dynamiting of water mains in Johnstown was attributed to the union by the mayor without proof; that the act may have been provocative was indicated by the fact that he thereupon warned the strike leaders to leave town on pain of abandonment to mob action. . . . The CIO disciplined some of its more unruly local leaders. . . . Ford issued a fighting answer to the NLRB's charge that his company had violated the law. . . . The report of the Federal Mediation Board blamed the steel companies for refusal to confer; the President rebuked extremists of both sides by quoting "A plague o' both your houses." . . . Administration forces in the Senate offered a Court compromise, which they asserted won enough votes for a majority, while their opponents prepared for a filibuster. . . . Hearings continued showing legal tax avoidance of many kinds on the part of rich men.

AMERICA'S policy of neutrality in the Spanish civil war leaves a great deal to be desired. As The New Republic has repeatedly pointed out, the em-

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bargo against arms to the Spanish loyalists was a violation of all international precedent and, taken alone, an unneutral gesture. While we have cut off arms to Spain, we continue to sell them to Germany, Italy and Portugal, although at least the first two of these countries have now abandoned even the formal pretense that they are not participating in the war in the Iberian Peninsula. It seems obvious that the least we can now do is to apply our new neutrality legislation to the actual situation; such action would support the clearly evident intention of the country to stay out of Europe's quarrels if it is possible to do so. Twenty well known American progressives, headed by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, have recently requested an interview with President Roosevelt in order to urge that the embargo should be applied to the fascist governments as well. The list of those who signed the request, in addition to Bishop McConnell, includes:

> Dr. Walter B. Cannon, of the Harvard Medical School; Dr. Samuel G. Inman, of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America; Archibald MacLeish; Dr. Franz Boas, of Columbia University; Donald Ogden Stewart; Dr. Harry F. Ward, of the American League Against War and Fascism; Dr. Paul Kellogg, editor of The Survey; Corliss Lamont; Roger N. Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union; Rockwell Kent and others.

WHILE Fourth of July orators were spouting apostrophes to liberty in various parts of America, a group of liberals assembled in Gadsden, Alabama, to make a realistic appraisal of the actual state of civil liberties in an important industrial center. Gadsden is a stronghold of Republic Steel and Goodyear Rubber, two corporations that pursue notably harsh labor policies. During the past year the union hall of the United Rubber Workers of America has been wrecked by a gang of armed men, union officials have been kidnaped and brutally beaten under the very eyes of legally constituted peace officers, and union members, both men and women, have been in constant danger of being waylaid and assaulted. In order to get these facts before the general public the Central Labor Union of Gadsden summoned competent observers to investigate at first hand. The city's reaction was characteristic. Professor H. C. Nixon, of Tulane University, was asked to leave one of the city's leading hotels, and six others, including Reverend Charles Houk, Alabama chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, and two other Birmingham ministers, were refused permission to register. The hotel's excuse was that it feared riots if the presence of these persons became known. The city commissioners denied a request to use the civic auditorium for a mass meeting. In spite of such opposition, the investigating group, including Joseph Gelders of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, Maxwell Stewart, Leane Zugsmith and Frank Palmer, did hold meetings and did see and hear many things which they will undoubtedly report on later.

THE fate of Amelia Earhart is still in doubt as we go to press. If she is lost, it will be a tragic ending to an adventure which seems less justified the more one ponders its possible usefulness. If she is saved, as the whole world hopes she will be, her exploit will still seem a useless one that has cost great trouble to many people and a tremendous amount of the taxpayers' money. Twenty years ago when aviation was really in its infancy, there may have been some value in such flights as these. Today, the industry is advanced best by the maintenance of regular service on specified routes and by experimental work under controlled conditions, far less hazardous than long hops across the empty wastes of the South Pacific. The American government acted sensibly the other day, when it prevented the "Lindbergh race," from New York to Paris. A welcome next step would be to prohibit American citizens from engaging in such adventures as Miss Earhart's.

THE Wagner-Steagall bill for public housing is now before Congress for consideration. The fantastic alternative program sponsored by Secretary Morgenthau has been put aside and the bill is in substantially its original form. To be sure, it offers communities their choice between Senator Wagner's plan and an extraordinary alternative which may have come from the White House itself, under which the federal government would make a large capital grant, the cities another one, relief labor would be employed, and so on. It is safe to say that even though this alternative became part of the law there is very little likelihood it would ever be accepted, and there is, therefore, no reason why the bill should not be passed now and in its present form. The Wagner program is in line with the best current thought of all housing experts, based upon long European experience. It would make a good beginning at one of our most urgently needed reforms.

COINCIDENCE is certainly an insufficient explanation for the fact that Mr. William J. Cameron, radio apologist for the Ford Motor Company, was scheduled to speak four times before the National Education Convention held last week in Detroit, Michigan, home of the Ford Motor Company. He spoke on the general subject of Industrial Altruism, the quality for which—as Mr. Cameron has often said over national radio hook-ups—the Ford Motor Company is renowned. Unfortunately for Mr. Cameron, his Detroit speeches lacked the gentle quasi-reasonableness with which he soothes his radio audience, or at least that part of his radio audience which doesn't know better. He said, for example, "There is not a single labor leader in the whole history of the labor movement who ever invented, contributed, suggested or forced a single advance step in social relations." Every contribution to social justice has been due, "not to labor leaders but to altruistic industrialists." Blame for the episode of

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course rests on the local branch of the NEA, which arranged the program for the convention, and not Mr. Cameron, who seems to know only what he reads in his speeches. Despite the attempt to pack the meeting with unreasonable conservatism, the Convention heard a number of thoughtful speeches, notably one by Dr. William Kilpatrick of Teachers' College, and adopted several resolutions, including censures of Yale's dismissal of Jerome Davis, the teacher's-loyalty-oath-bill movement and the cuts in WPA employment rolls.

THE fourth annual American Youth Congress met in a "model congress" session at Milwaukee over Independence Day week-end, with about two thousand delegates representing all types of youth organizations in every section of the country. There were few fireworks in the proceedings, which followed the prescribed agenda without undue digression. The Congress was divided into half a dozen committees on Agriculture, Civil Liberties, Education, Recreation and Leisure Time, Labor and Peace, and to these groups a total of one hundred and fifty bills were submitted for discussion and vote. Testimony was taken from experts in the various fields; caustic debate ran on four hours, and when the roll call was finally taken the Congress passed a great deal of progressive "legislation." It adopted a bill providing for international economic coöperation. It approved apprenticeship training under minimum wage and hour provisions, and the extension of the war-supplies embargo to include Germany, Italy and Portugal. It opposed the Sheppard-Hill bill for wartime mobilization and passed, along with many other bills, measures opposing racial discrimination.

WE HAD always thought that polo was the most pure and Simonesque of the Simon-pure sports. But the other day a sports-department man dropped in to give us an earful. According to him, the payoff is that the noble Argentine gauchos who are the best polo players are also the biggest raisers of polo ponies. They come to this country every year to play in the championship games, and naturally they sell their ponies before sailing back across the Equator. In 1936, besides winning the Olympic championship and the Cup of the Americas, they sold their forty-eight ponies for $167,000—an average price of $3,475, with a top of $14,500 for the best pony. That didn't quite equal the all-time record of $22,000 paid in 1928 by Laddie Sanford. It's a great sport, polo. It's also in the way of becoming a big business. Pretty soon the American polo-pony breeders in the Southwest will be lobbying in Congress for protection against their competitors on the pampas.

MEMBERS of the Workers' Alliance of America, formed among the ranks of the unemployed throughout the country, met in convention in Milwaukee, June 22 to 25. Impending cuts in WPA projects were a major concern of the convention and the 600 delegates made plans for strikes, picket lines and a march on Washington late in July as a protest against such cuts. The convention asked that the unemployed be given jobs in private industry as speedily as possible and called for a law establishing the thirty-hour week, with no reduction in pay, as a means of spreading work. The delegates also voted to ask for a 30-percent increase in WPA wages, a $40 minimum monthly scale on WPA projects and recognition of the Alliance as the sole collective-bargaining agency for WPA workers. The convention was ruled by united-front ideas and after lively discussion voted to remove from the Alliance constitution previous commitments calling for a new social order and abolition of the profit system. Farmer-labor coöperation was endorsed and enthusiastic backing was voted for the loyalist government in Spain. Representatives of the CIO were given an ovation and the convention instructed its national executive board to seek an affiliation of the Alliance with the CIO as quickly as possible.

SOMEWHERE in the recesses of the Postoffice Department resides an anonymous power to decide whether any given postal matter is "obscene," "seditious" or "fraudulent." If the decision is adverse, the matter is barred from the mails and there is almost no way to get an appeal heard in a regular court of law. Representative Ellenbogen of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill (H.R. 7372) that would deprive the Postoffice Department of this arbitrary power of censorship and would require that all matter believed illegal be sent to the United States District Attorney of the district where it was mailed, with a request for a jury trial. In advocating adoption of this law, Morris L. Ernst, attorney for the National Council for Freedom from Censorship, points out that this method already has been established as the procedure for the United States Customs Bureau and has worked very well in the few years since its adoption.

MANY people would like to find a practical, here-and-now solution to the problem of getting adequate medical care at reasonable cost and the Coöperative League of the United States believes it has the right answer. The method is the formation of coöperative health associations. When one of these is set up, there are individual and family memberships and for a fixed monthly fee each member is entitled to as nearly complete medical service—including hospitalization—as the total assets of the group will permit. Some advantages of the plan, in addition to its relatively low cost, are the stress laid upon periodic examinations and preventive medicine as well as group consultations of physicians in difficult cases. The Coöperative League has established a Bureau of Coöperative Medicine at 5 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, to assist consumers' cooperatives and other groups to form medical cooperatives. Already such medical groups are actively functioning in St. Louis, New York City, northern

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New Jersey, Elk City, Oklahoma, San Francisco, Milwaukee and many other communities, large and small, throughout the country.

EVEN if a German leaves his country to travel and study abroad the Nazis want to keep a finger on him. The uses to which he can be put—"propaganda" and "espionage" come from Latin roots, but there are similar words in the German language—are made clear in an official decree of the Minister of Education, as translated and published in a recent issue of the British scientific journal, Nature:

> It has frequently been observed of late that Germans and especially professors and students, when traveling abroad for cultural or scientific purposes, have failed to establish contact with their local national official representatives. Such contact is especially important in countries where Jews occupy a predominant influence in cultural affairs, and where emigrants seek to press into the foreground in questions concerning German cultural life. In these countries it is particularly necessary that German national guests, local or official, shall be informed of these local relationships by the official national representatives abroad.
>
> I therefore order that all under control of my Ministry who travel abroad for study, research or lectures, or for congresses or similar purposes, shall on their arrival in a foreign country forthwith get into contact with the competent local representative of Germany, with the Foreign Organization of the Nazi Party and with the branch office of the German Academic Exchange Service, whenever possible. If this is not done, a short report of the reasons must be furnished me.

MR. Will Hays has gone and got us completely confused, perhaps a less difficult achievement than we might think. Miss Marlene Dietrich has been making a motion picture in England, in the course of which she is required to take a bath before the camera. The tub, we hasten to add, is filled with practically a solid mass of soapsuds, like the one in Clare Boothe's play, "The Women." Just about all the public sees—at least in the scenes from the film that have come to our attention—is Marlene's head and about an inch and a quarter of her neck. Nevertheless, we are informed by the ever so reliable New York World-Telegram that Mr. Hays has refused to allow the picture to be shown here until the bathtub sequence has been cut down to a shadow of its already shadowy self. Moreover, he has declined to allow photographs of this part of the film to be used in advertising, and has notified the American distributors that they must not talk about it, even under their breaths. (Please, Mr. Hays, don't write in and tell us that your organization does not censor films; we've already heard that one.) All this bewilders us because we have always understood that Mr. Hays was in favor of cleanliness, on the screen and off. Have we not read at least a million of his speeches stressing this point? And what could be cleaner than a bath in practically solid soapsuds? If Mr. Hays has decided to go in for dirt, then we expect at any moment to hear that Hamilton Fish has taken up communism, or Nicholas Murray Butler tap dancing, and the end of the world is at hand.

The Court Bitter-Enders

NOW THAT the Senate is at last lining up its forces for the debate on the Supreme Court, it is well to go back over the controversy and see how the lines of battle have shifted. In the beginning, as anyone with a memory six months long need not be told, there were two distinct kinds of attack on the bill. One was that which might have been expected—simply a continuation of the attitude of the conservative Republicans and the Liberty League. According to this point of view, there was no valid criticism of either the Court or the Constitution; they were, as a matter of fact, the bulwark of our liberties, and anyone who suggested tampering with them was laying an unholy hand on the Ark of the Covenant. The other attack was that which proceeded from Senator Wheeler and other Democrats who had a more liberal background. It admitted the truth of most of the faults that had been found with the Constitution as interpreted by a conservative Court. We needed, these opponents of the administration said, much of the kind of legislation that the Court had declared the Constitution forbade. But Mr. Roosevelt's proposal was not the right remedy. It opened the way to dangerous packing of the Court by future Presidents whose views might be less progressive. It might bring fascism nearer. Something must be done, but not this.

It will also be remembered that the conservative Republicans and Democrats shrewdly soft-pedaled their opinions at first and allowed Senator Wheeler and his cohorts to carry the brunt of the battle. Without the help of these liberals, the issue would have become just an echo of the campaign, and Mr. Roosevelt would have triumphed because of the unpopularity of his enemies. With it, the issue became confused, and action was postponed until the anti-Roosevelt propaganda could gain headway. Long hearings were held, in which neither side changed its opinion an iota. What is perhaps more significant, those opposed to the bill did not utilize the hearings, or the committee discussion which followed them, to clarify their minds about what they did want. They did not inform themselves, or reach any agreement, upon what *was* the matter with Court and Constitution or how it could be remedied.

The ironic outcome is that the liberal opponents of the bill are now indistinguishable from the Liberty Leaguers. They are hot against tampering with the Court, which they regard as the symbol of liberty with a big L. But they have absolutely nothing to say about the evils that gave rise to the proposal, and absolutely no alternative to the President's plan. They do not want any legislation, or any constitutional amendment. They do not want even any real debate on the issue, or any vote by the Senate. They

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are engaged in a crusade, which they are laying plans to carry on by a filibuster. They expect to talk the subject to death through a hot summer. This intention apparently is unchanged by the offer of a compromise from the presidential forces, proposing only three additions to the Court number, one a year for three years, instead of six all at once.

What has happened in the meantime, besides the mere hardening of tempers that naturally arises in a battle? How can Senator Wheeler possibly justify his present course? We do not know what he would say in his defense if he permitted himself to be reasonable for a moment, but there is one logical reason that might readily be offered. This is that the Supreme Court, by a new series of narrow majorities, registered while the bill was before the country, has reversed itself on a number of important New Deal measures. Mr. Justice Roberts has changed sides. Mr. Chief Justice Hughes has written some reassuring *obiter dicta*. This is taken to mean that the Court has altered its course for a long period, and that no more embarrassing constitutional issues will arise in regard to social and economic legislation.

The flimsiness of this argument would certainly be exposed if it were subjected to serious debate. Did not the President's proposal itself and the national agitation about the issue exert some indirect pressure on the Court? What will happen if this pressure is removed by the complete squelching of the proposal? Are the laws validated in this session the only ones needed, or likely to be needed, that conservative Justices would oppose? And if the Court can reverse itself in one direction, why not again in the other? The President was criticized for seeking to change the composition and temper of the Court rather than to alter the fundamental law. He was criticized for trying to pack the Court to favor particular legislation which he wanted. Very well; if the Court has now changed its own temper and upheld these laws, the President is the one who ought to be satisfied and the advocates of more fundamental change ought to be unsatisfied. Mr. Wheeler's original logic should make him stronger than ever for constitutional amendment, no matter what laws have been validated in a single session by the change of a single vote.

The historical issue is of course broader than any of these details. If the President is defeated, history —at least superficial history—will say that the President who received one of the greatest popular majorities in decades tried to tamper with the Court and was stopped in his sacrilegious effort, that the Court must consequently remain above criticism or legislation. If the opponents of the proposal are defeated, history will say that the prestige of the Supreme Court suffered a serious blow when it grew too far out of touch with the needs of the times. It does not take much discernment to see which is the reactionary and which the progressive influence, in its long-term effect. No matter what his arguments or intentions, Mr. Wheeler has become on this issue an advocate of the Liberty League.

Governmental Vandalism

TRAGEDY is being enacted in New York and other American cities, in thousands of cases, by dismissals from WPA projects. Whatever one may think of the need for economy, or of the WPA as a means of handling unemployment relief, there is no justification whatever for the present procedure. An order comes from Washington to reduce the number of employees. A certain number have to go. How are they selected and what provision is made for their future? The answer is, in most instances, that no intelligent principle of selection is applied, and no provision is made. Those receiving pink slips are not picked for any lack of need. They are not selected because of complaint in regard to their work. No inquiry is made as to the possibility of their employment elsewhere. No transfer is arranged to local or private relief agencies. The only principle that can sometimes be discerned is that those who have been longest on relief are the first to go. After being rescued for a while from a shipwrecked economy, they are indiscriminately thrown out to sink or swim. It might have been better never to have offered them help in the first place.

These dismissals fall with extreme severity upon those in the "white-collar" projects, and particularly the arts, the theatre and the like. It may be argued that industrial, office or manual workers have a better chance of finding private employment nowadays because of reviving industry and expanding business. The chance is not yet nearly good enough to provide opportunity to many millions of unemployed, but at least it is better than it was. In the case of painters, sculptors and actors, however, private industry offers little opportunity and never will offer enough. The need of the public for the products of the arts never has been adequately filled by business, and the desire of even qualified persons to express themselves in these ways has had to encounter enormous obstacles. The nation has not much native, non-commercial art to enjoy, and those who have succeeded in providing what there was have been obliged, in the main, either to find patrons or to eke out their existence with odd jobs. The depression was particularly ruinous to these persons on the precarious outskirts of our commercial system. Most of them will, even under the most prosperous circumstances, have difficulty in earning a living. At the present moment, when the government has cut them off, they have nowhere to turn.

Aside from the human misery involved in the existing situation, we are particularly distressed by the abandonment of a really constructive government enterprise. In the arts projects the WPA did something that had never been done before, something that ought to have been done in some way even during prosperity. It provided a very modest living to creators of esthetic products while they worked at their arts and crafts, and it strove to find new

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outlets for their talents, to make new contacts between them and the general population. Much of this effort was abortive, of course, but some of it was strikingly successful—enough fully to justify the expense and effort. Why should we enjoy such a necessary luxury only when we are poor, and then dismantle it at the moment when we are beginning to be able to pay for it? Why should we encourage potential creators to think that at last the nation had recognized their value and that of their work, and then suddenly cut off their hope of creation, expecting them at best to find occupation as dish-washers or machine-tenders?

Justifiable criticism of the principle of the WPA and of the product of its art and theatre projects can be made. It was wrong in the first place to try to combine relief too closely with constructive and necessary work. The most necessitous persons are not necessarily those who are best fitted to do what society most needs. The government should have spent more of its relief money in public projects for which the best available persons should have been engaged at regular wages, regardless of their existing need. The total number of jobs would have been correspondingly enlarged. To attempt to do work without applying high standards of competence and performance is ruinous to morale and to technical excellence. This is especially so in the arts. It may well be that the WPA art and theatre projects have sustained many inferior craftsmen in the hope that they could make careers in their chosen professions, when they ought long ago to have learned to do something else. If so, it has done them an injustice and has wasted public money. It is no remedy, however, to disband the projects without providing a substitute, or to cut people off indiscriminately without regard to their skill.

What ought to be done now seems to us clear in principle. The government ought to make permanent the art and theatre projects which it has developed under the WPA. At the same time it ought to abandon the idea that they are for purposes of unemployment relief. They ought to be operated to produce works of esthetic and social significance, and to sustain and encourage talent. Rigorous standards ought to be applied. The same amount of money as that formerly appropriated from WPA funds might well be spent. It is a trifling percentage of the relief total, and we can afford it. This amount, if spent according to non-relief custom, probably would not afford salaries to so many people as at present. Very well, drop the incompetents, but do it after careful judgment of their abilities and with some provision for private employment or for their transfer to relief agencies and their re-education for their kinds of work. It is not too late to correct the mistakes made or to preserve for the enrichment of American life a new contribution which has already made a good beginning. There is nothing at all to be said for the undermining and destruction of the arts projects on the ground that the need for relief is past and economy is necessary.

Whose Freedom of the Press?

A YEAR or so ago, when the American Newspaper Guild was far smaller and weaker than it is today, the publishers of the country were bitterly fighting against the extension of the union, on the same old dreary argument they have trotted out so often on other occasions in recent years, that it would endanger freedom of the press. The ANG proved too strong to be stopped, so the publishers gave up this line and began making contracts with the Guild, helping it in more than doubling its membership in a year. Now, however, the Guild is beginning to talk about a closed shop, and the publishers have promptly held an alarmed council of war in Chicago. What bright boy or girl in the back row can tell us the chief and only important argument against 100-percent unionization that was advanced at the conference? Exactly: freedom of the press.

We are not quite bowled over by the argument, for several reasons: 1. The publishers have used it so often it has practically lost all meaning in their mouths. 2. If freedom of the press is not endangered by a union majority in any office—as the publishers tacitly agree that it is not—we see no reason to believe that the situation is altered when the majority becomes unanimity. 3. The ANG is both a union and a professional society; its members are at least as serious about their responsibility and status as they were before the union was formed. 4. In particular, a man with the union behind him is no longer at the mercy of a publisher who asks him to misrepresent the facts, something that has happened innumerable times in the past and has constituted the most serious genuine threat to freedom of the press, freedom to tell the truth and to serve its readers honestly. If the publishers had sincerely accepted the union, the closed shop would not be of great importance one way or the other; but in their mood of smoldering hostility, the ANG feels it is necessary to offset the constant effort, expected in many offices, to pack the shop with new men pledged in advance against union membership.

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LaGuardia Will Be Reëlected

THE TIME-WORN truism that no Reform mayor can ever be reëlected in New York City is about to be exploded. LaGuardia is the odds-on favorite to win when they go to the polls next November. This will surprise a lot of people, among them many reasonably well informed New Yorkers who have come to regard the old rule almost as a law of nature. It is, of course, a fact that William L. Strong, Seth Low and John Purroy Mitchel finished second when they ran for reëlection. Low is reported to have explained his defeat by pointing out that in the first campaign the issue had been the vices of his enemies, but when he ran for reëlection the issue had changed to the less dramatic virtues of his own administration. Reform victories have always been associated with a righteous public indignation, but even the most righteous of indignation wears off in four years.

Political reform, as it has developed in this country, is an anemic, sterile affair. Reformism is preoccupied with such worthy matters as honesty in public office, economy in public budgeting or merit as the basis of the civil service. The reformer treads cautiously when social questions are involved. The leaders of reform have been middle-class folk of genteel upbringing, full of high purpose, quite lacking in social consciousness or human warmth. LaGuardia, on the other hand, is anything but the typical goo-goo mayor.

He has put on a good show. He has a natural sense of theatre. He has had a good supporting cast, but no bashful modesty prevents his being down-stage, center, in every scene. More than anything that he has accomplished, more than the parks, playgrounds, housing, other spectacular achievements, it is his personal drama which has captured the imagination of New York's masses.

There is amusing irony in LaGuardia's present position. Eight years ago he ran against Jimmie Walker, then at the top of his stride. As a counterweight to LaGuardia's attraction of the Italian vote, Jimmie chose as his manager the popular Magistrate Al Vitale. It was a landslide. Election over, Vitale went off on a brief vacation. On his return his friends and well wishers gave him a little banquet, for he seemed destined for important preferment. The party was invaded by gunmen, who relieved the guests of watches and wallets and, among other trinkets, made off with the service revolver of a city detective who was a guest. The dinner committee and the guest of honor went into a huddle and, after sundry telephonings and comings and goings, the gun reappeared. Meanwhile, word of the affair had reached Police Commissioner Whalen. He promptly suspended the detective for failing to report the robbery and also for failing to report the loss of his service revolver. Magistrate Vitale rushed angrily to the detective's defense and there followed a series of sharp exchanges in the course of which the Commissioner published a list of the guests with their criminal records and connections and brought out the fact that the magistrate had been on the books of the then recently murdered Arnold Rothstein for a $10,000 loan. The Bar Association stirred from its slumbers and demanded an inquiry. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court appointed former Judge Seabury. In response to public demand the inquiry was broadened and half a dozen magistracies became vacant. This led to the comprehensive Seabury investigation with Mayor Walker's precipitate resignation as its climax. And so, just four years after his crushing defeat, LaGuardia rolled to victory. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

LaGuardia's strength is personal. He has built up no machine. He has allowed even the mildly effective Fusion organization of 1933 to languish and disintegrate. But, you will ask, how then can he beat the potent Tammany that habitually carries its candidates to victories with majorities of 400,000 to 1,000,000?

The victories of Tammany in the twenties were associated with magic names. Al Smith, John "Faithful" Hylan, Jimmie Walker, Roosevelt and Lehman were names to conjure with, names that, for one reason and another, captured the imagination. Their opponents were pushovers. The great majorities which were rolled up year after year for these names were far more than a machine, however well lubricated, could have ground out. Today, the picture is reversed. Tammany and its allies in the annexed provinces have no candidate. Bob Wagner's name might, of course, do the trick. It is becoming increasingly clear that nothing but a word from the White House could possibly persuade him to run, and it is reliably reported that the President acquiesces in his old friend's disinclination to do so. Grover Whalen's name sounded for a while but the echo quickly died away. The other names that are bandied about, Judge Mahoney, Judge Collins, Commissioner Mulrooney or Attorney General Bennett, do not have the ring of victory which is essential. As for Royal S. Copeland, one can only chortle with the President.

Tammany is confronted by the unusual problem of having to pick its candidate with an eye to the strength of the opponent. The situation calls for a "goy" who stands well both with the labor and the Jewish vote. There are very few such. Mahoney, who as president of the AAU opposed the sending of the Olympic team to Berlin and who has been attorney for some of the A.F. of L. unions, meets the specifications fairly well, but he is an

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opponent of the present Tammany leadership. To nominate him would amount to abdication on their part. It would, of course be possible to name a Jew, and Sam Levy is coyly and conveniently ready; but with Lehman in the Governor's chair, Tammany can hardly offer a Jew for mayor. In short, the picture today is reversed. LaGuardia's is the magnetic name, and there is none to match against it. Tammany finds itself today somewhat in the position in which the Republicans found themselves last year in their effort to stop Roosevelt. They had no ready-made personality, and no time to fabricate one.

The analogy goes farther. LaGuardia's strength is very much the strength that Roosevelt had as the 1936 election approached. He is the Messiah of labor and the little fellow. The very groups for whom Tammany has long been the Pied Piper have found a new champion in New York's volcanic little mayor. The alignments in the metropolis have for generations followed ethnic lines. The Irish have had to share political power with the Jews and the Italians. The votes of these three groups and sundry minor ones have swelled Tammany majorities since the War. Today, LaGuardia is the hero of two of the big-three groups. His exchanges of brickbats with the brown-shirted Führer augurs a solid Jewish vote. To the Italians he is a fellow immigrant who has made good in the biggest of all possible ways. Most of them, to be sure, are proud of Il Duce's achievement in the old country, but they are Nationalists rather than Fascists, and Italian-Americans rather than Italians. And, in his fulminations against the brown-shirted leader, LaGuardia has been studiously silent about the black-shirted one. Harlem is for him, and the minor nationalities—Greeks, Czechs, Magyars, Puerto Ricans and the rest—get a vicarious satisfaction out of his success. So that Tammany today has only the Irish and Germans to fall back upon.

If this were all there was to the story, the Board of Aldermen might as well instruct City Clerk Mike Cruise to cast one ballot for the little Mayor. But there are other hurdles, political and mechanical, to be surmounted. Fusion in New York has traditionally been an amalgam of the Republicans and such independent Democrats and mugwumps as could be united in common cause. LaGuardia has done little to endear himself to those who control the remnant of the Grand Old Party that survives in New York.

The Republicans are, broadly speaking, the native American Protestants who have survived the suburban exodus from New York. They fall roughly into three groups. At the top is the Park Avenue plutocracy, which furnishes the exchequer and absorbs the deficits. To them, LaGuardia is anathema—a more dangerous radical than Norman Thomas or Earl Browder, a follower of Roosevelt, a more thoroughgoing New Dealer than any New York Democrat except Bob Wagner. At the bottom is the clubhouse crowd, who rustle the vote and man the polls and keep such creaking machinery as the party possesses from going altogether to pieces. To them also, LaGuardia is anathema—that most unpardonable of political sinners, an ingrate. They had all known him as a particularly practical politician, and among certain types of politicians the very essence of practicality is patronage. They had hoped, and perhaps had been encouraged to hope, that the plums of patronage would be passed out. Not only have they been cruelly disappointed, but he has heaped insult upon them by calling them "clubhouse loafers," a characterization that stings as only the truth can.

These two groups, the one with its hand on the moneybags and the other with its hand on the ballot box, normally control the primary-election machinery through which nomination as the Republican candidate must be obtained. Between them are a mass of Republican voters (there were 662,000 counted for Landon), the petite bourgeoisie, the white-collar clerks and bookkeepers of the city's imperial commerce, the middle class, most of whom take their Republicanism seriously, virtually as a part of their religion. To some, the heterodoxy of LaGuardia, the New Dealer, cannot be condoned, but there is also a deep-rooted tradition that associates the name of Tammany with the powers of darkness. If LaGuardia is nominated as the Republican candidate, the force of this tradition plus the force of habit should ensure him two or three hundred thousand of these Republican votes.

There are those who think that it would take little short of a miracle to obtain LaGuardia's renomination as a Republican. They recall that twenty years ago the Fusion mayor, Mitchel, lost the Republican nomination in the primaries to an obscure fellow named Bennett, and in consequence Tammany was returned to power under the banner of John F. Hylan. So great is LaGuardia's unpopularity with the clubhouse workers in the party that many believe that almost any Republican could beat him in the party primary. The truth is, however, that there is no Republican of any standing or stature who is willing to make the race against the Mayor, and instead of one, there are likely to be a half-dozen self-important nincompoops entering against him. The saner elements in the party (there is still some remnant of sanity left) recognize that the Mitchel fiasco dealt their party a blow from which it has, perhaps, never recovered. Unacceptable as LaGuardia is from an orthodox point of view, it seems to these saner elements an even worse folly for the party to commit suicide to spite him.

Logically, of course, LaGuardia has very little claim to the Republican endorsement. He has, almost from the day he took office, cast his lot with those who were seeking to establish a liberal labor third-party movement. If such a party were required to go to the primary, it would, of course, be necessary for LaGuardia to choose between the Republican and the American Labor Party. Actually, the mechanism of the election law in this instance works to his advantage. The American Labor

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Party, having cast almost a quarter of a million votes in the city and a total of 275,000 in the state at the presidential election last year, is now a statutory party. The primary enrolment of political parties in New York takes place in October for participation in the primaries the following year. The Labor Party, not having had this status in October, 1936, will not, therefore, have a primary in September of this year. Instead, the nomination of its candidates will devolve upon its executive committee. Such nominations are not made until late in September, after the primaries have been concluded. It is quite possible, therefore, for LaGuardia to be named in the Republican primary and subsequently to be nominated by the American Labor Party.

The American Labor Party in New York City is by no means completely united. It includes both the A.F. of L and the CIO groups, as well as a miscellany of sometime Socialists and Communists. The A.F. of L. group—that is, the Central Trades and Labor Council, headed by Joe Ryan—has for many years played ball with Tammany. Their endorsement of Joseph D. McGoldrick for Comptroller in 1934 was the first endorsement of a non-Tammany candidate that anyone could remember. They have been on friendly terms with LaGuardia. The CIO group, under the leadership of Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky, is even closer to him. The International Ladies' Garment Workers have always tended to support Socialist rather than Tammany candidates in the past. Should the A.F. of L.-CIO rift become more acute in New York, and should Tammany unearth a candidate with a presentable labor record, it would be quite possible for the Central Trades to return to their alliance with Tammany. Such a development seems increasingly less likely, and the recent convention of the American Labor Party seemed to be pretty completely for LaGuardia.

Assuming that the Republicans swallow their pride and hold their noses and endorse LaGuardia, and that a united labor party plumps for him, there would still be a lack of organized effort on his behalf. The American Labor Party is haphazardly organized for the customary district political work. The city Fusion Party, sired in 1933 by William J. Schieffelin out of Judge Seabury and captained in that campaign by Maurice P. Davidson, is a pale shadow. Ben Howe, its present leader, and Davidson, who has rallied fragments of it, as the Progressive City Committee, spend most of their time making faces at each other. LaGuardia has boasted of his refusal to build up a political machine. Perceiving this, experienced observers ask how in the world he can be elected. The answer is so simple that it may be hard to credit. The voters no longer need to be dragged and cajoled into the polling places. Once their interest is roused, no one can stop them from coming out to vote. The tremendous outpouring of voters in the last half-dozen years furnishes the proof. But if further proof is needed, witness the Joe McKee "write-in" vote in 1932. McKee refused to countenance any canvassing. There was no trace of an organization in his behalf. His name was not on the voting machine, and the arrangement of the machine certainly does not facilitate the writing in of names, yet 200,000 people did it.

LaGuardia has a good press. His treatment of the City Hall reporters has left much to be desired, but whatever they may think of him, he is always news. With most of the editorial offices he is tops. The crusading World-Telegram and its challenger, The Post, are certain to be in his corner. The pro-Roosevelt Daily News will urge its 1,600,000 readers to follow him. The staid New York Times and the soundly Republican Herald Tribune are friendly. This leaves only the low-descending Sun and the incalculable Hearst papers as his opponents among the metropolitan dailies. Add to these the borough and neighborhood sheets, which are more dependent on political advertising and therefore prone to hearken to Tammany advice. The foreign-language newspapers (twenty-eight of them) supported LaGuardia in 1933, and are apt to be friendly.

There is no issue against him. His fumbles have been few and quickly recovered. His administration has been one of tumultuous activity. There is hardly a department that has not been galvanized into new activity and morale. Many of his most significant achievements will not even be heard of in the campaign. Such is politics. He will triumph because folks believe he is honest and on the job—and that, whatever his faults, he is a swell guy.

P. STUYVESANT.

I Don't Read Any Farther Than—

"'This is a fight to a finish,' declared John L. Lewis, president of the . . ."

"'It is American sport, with its inherent love of fair play, especially when indulged in by the youth of our land, that will eliminate crime in the United States,' said Jerome ('Dizzy') Dean, ace pitcher of the . . ."

"Clifford Odets, playwright, charging that sugar-and-water plays were a menace to the American stage . . ."

"Budget Balance in 1939 Seen by Treasury"

"'Will Run If Duty Calls,' says LaGuardia"

"Prime Minister Chamberlain looked for a crisis in the European situation before the end of 1938, he told the . . ."

"F.D.R. Seen Yielding on Court Plan"

"It was unofficially said on Capitol Hill yesterday that President Roosevelt was adamant concerning his plan to reorganize . . ."

"Dad's Love Bad for Kids, Says Educator"

"I want to express my thanks for your courageous editorials . . ."

"Steel Companies Charge Labor Rackets"

"Life Span 18 Years Greater; All to Be Methuselahs by 2437, Scientist's View."

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

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The Riddle of Russia

What Lies Behind Recent Events in the USSR?

WHEN Trotsky was exiled to Turkey more than eight years ago, it seemed to most people in the USSR, including foreign observers, that the long Opposition struggle inside the Communist Party was definitely ended. In point of fact, as recent events have shown, the contrary was true; Trotsky's exile did not end the struggle but paved the way for its resumption in a new and more sinister form.

It is now clear that the Kremlin-Opposition conflict falls into three chronological phases. The first period covers the years from 1923, when the Bolshevik leaders first realized that Lenin's days were numbered, to January, 1928, when the Opposition, which by then had formed a somewhat disparate bloc under the leadership of Trotsky, was crushed and its adherents, great and small, were scattered in exile across Siberia and Central Asia. This may be called the phase of Open Controversy. There followed the phase of Reconciliation, from the latter part of 1928 to 1934, during which Trotsky's supporters in Russia recanted their heresies and paid abject lip service to the Kremlin. Many of them were restored to posts of high importance, although they had already shown that their previous recantations of error and promises of amendment in the future were not to be relied upon. During these years Trotsky found harborage on the Isle of Prinkipo in the Bosphorus, where his activities were somewhat hampered by Turkish supervision and where he appears to have confined himself to the preparation of a new campaign against his opponents on Soviet soil by the formation of the so-called Fourth International and by writing in order to raise funds. He established and maintained contact with his friends in the USSR and elsewhere, and by the end of 1932, when he was able to leave Prinkipo for a less restricted and more congenial sojourn in France, he had laid the foundations for a renewed attack on the Kremlin. This preliminary work was continued and developed in 1933 and 1934, coincidentally with a great extension of German activity in the USSR. At the end of November, 1934, Kirov, one of Stalin's closest henchmen, was assassinated in Leningrad. This marked the beginning of the third and present phase of Secret Conspiracy. This development was due: (a) to the character and ability of Trotsky himself, (b) to the international situation, with particular reference to Germany and Japan, and (c) to circumstances inside Russia.

Trotsky's expulsion from Russia was an act not of clemency alone but of policy. To begin with, the First Five-Year Plan was proving unexpectedly successful, all internal opposition seemed to have disappeared, and Trotsky's previous services to the Revolution were not forgotten. Second, it was felt that such early opponents of the Soviet regime as Kerensky, Martov and Dan had been politically sterilized by exile from Russia. They lost contact both with the undercurrents of Russian life and with the central stream itself and became little more than voices crying in the wilderness. Trotsky, however, is a man of different and far higher caliber. His career has shown that he combines great executive ability with brilliant intelligence. He has unlimited ambition, an absolute belief in the rightness of his own views and the most profound experience in and capacity for revolutionary organization. Finally, he has the double gift of leadership and of arousing the enduring loyalty of his friends and subordinates. It was not to be expected that this man who had shone so bright in the sun should be content to spend his declining years in spiteful twilight. There could be no rest for his boundless energy, no compromise with his fanatical conviction that Stalin had "betrayed the Revolution."

The fact of Germano-Japanese hostility to the USSR needs no demonstration; the archives of the State and Navy Departments in Washington can bear witness that more than once in 1932 and 1933 war between the USSR and Japan hung literally by a thread, and Hitler, from "Mein Kampf" to his speech at Nuremberg last September, from Nuremberg to the present day, has made no secret of his determination that Germany should atone for defeat in the World War by "eastward expansion" at the expense of the USSR. Hitler's own position, however, was not consolidated until 1933, and three more years were to elapse before he could feel that the German war machine was ready for a major struggle. In the meantime Japanese aggressiveness had been somewhat checked by American recognition of the USSR and was now directed toward China, in which it has gradually found itself more and more deeply involved. Second, there were signed pacts of mutual assistance between the USSR and Czechoslovakia and the USSR and France, which were regarded as tantamount to defensive alliances. Last but not least, the Red Army and the Soviet war industry gained prodigiously in efficiency and strength.

During the years 1933 to 1937, therefore, neither Germany nor Japan was yet ready to make a direct attack upon the USSR although they gave further evidence that they wished to do so by signing in 1936 a pact of mutual coöperation against Bolshevism,

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which the statesmen of Britain, France and Russia immediately recognized as a preliminary step toward joint action. In 1936, moreover, Germany's attention was diverted by an attempt in conjunction with Italy to set up a puppet fascist government in Spain and thus obtain access to the rich Spanish deposits of iron, copper and other minerals. It was thought at first that it would be easy to overthrow the Spanish government, but the latter showed sufficient powers of resistance and received enough material aid from France and Russia for the civil war to be undecided in ten months of bitter fighting. Hitler was infuriated to learn that the Russians were no longer content with the role of destined victim but had the temerity to thwart his plans in Spain, where the success of the Soviet planes and tanks caused a notable effect upon French opinion and reënforced the Franco-Soviet pact, which it was Hitler's aim to break. In short, the Red Army had become a positive adversary instead of a potential obstacle; it not only blocked the future but seriously menaced the present. In this juncture, circumstances within the USSR combined with the anti-Kremlin activities of Trotsky to play into Hitler's hands.

The details of Kirov's assassination at first pointed to a personal motive, which may indeed have existed, but investigation showed that, as commonly happens in such cases, the assassin Nikolaiev had been made the instrument of forces whose aims were treasonable and political. A widespread plot against the Kremlin was discovered, whose ramifications included not merely former oppositionists but agents of the Nazi Gestapo. As the investigation continued, the Kremlin's conviction deepened that Trotsky and his friends abroad had built up an anti-Stalinist organization in close collaboration with their associates in Russia, who formed a nucleus or center around which gradually rallied divers elements of discontent and disloyalty. The actual conspirators were comparatively few in number but as the plot thickened, they did not hesitate to seek the aid of foreign enemies in order to compensate for the lack of popular support at home. In other words, the whole set of trials and investigations from that of Kirov's assassin and his accomplices up to that of the generals in June, 1937, have not been separate incidents but part of a continuous process which has revealed step by step the development of a conspiracy in which Trotsky and the foreign enemies of Russia had not only the strongest of incentives but ample opportunity to coöperate with the conspirators.

If one accepts these premises, it is obvious that both Trotsky and the foreign enemies would use every means in their power to deny and discredit the evidence produced at the trials. In this they have been aided by Western unfamiliarity with Soviet mentality and methods and, to no small degree, by Soviet unfamiliarity with Western mentality and methods. Thus at the very outset, the Western world was shocked by the harshness of the reprisals which followed Kirov's murder, and already the cry was raised abroad that this wave of killings and arrests was a sign of panic on the part of the Kremlin or that Stalin and his associates were taking advantage of an "accident" to rid themselves of political opponents.

The later "treason trials" of the Kamenev-Zinoviev and Pyatakov-Radek groups were used by Stalin's enemies to confirm these two assertions and to deepen the skepticism with which the extraordinary (to Western minds) nature of the confessions had been received abroad. In the fog of denials and declarations that the confessions were elicited by drugs, torture, pressure upon relatives, hypnotism or other nefarious devices of the GPU, foreign opinion lost sight of three important facts: first, that these same men had, individually and collectively, confessed their sins and beaten their breasts in contrition no less fully and abasedly on previous occasions; second, that the outline of the conspiracy was gradually taking shape; third, that through the maze of charge and counter-charge the thread of collusion with foreign enemies ran ever stronger and more clear. The second trial established the fact of personal contact between several of the accused and foreign, *i.e.*, German and Japanese, representatives. This in itself meant little because Pyatakov received dozens of foreigners every week in his official position, the accused railroad managers of the Far Eastern lines had similar official contact with Japanese consuls and business men, and Radek was a familiar figure at most of the diplomatic receptions in Moscow. Nevertheless the element of opportunity was thus introduced to buttress the prosecution's charge of treasonable and hostile motives that led to collusion.

Curiously enough, the most convincing piece of evidence was provided by no other than the Japanese War Minister himself, General Sugiyama, in reply to a question at a secret meeting of the budget committee of the Japanese Parliament early in February. The general was asked if he knew the carrying capacity of the Soviet Trans-Siberian Railroad. He replied that he did but that it was a military secret. To a further question, "How do you know?" the general said, "On information supplied by persons in Soviet Russia who are opposed to the Stalin regime." News of this incident "leaked" into a single Tokyo newspaper whose news editor was promptly dismissed and the managing editor fined and reprimanded. It was further stated that if any such leakage occurred, it would be more severely punished in the future. As far as the question of German and Japanese espionage in the USSR is concerned, it is notorious that the secret services of almost every nation in the world have an espionage department that varies in importance and numbers according to the size of the country and the imminence of hostilities with some other power. Everyone knows, for instance, that England before the World War was honeycombed with German spies, many of whom had long been detected by the British Counter-Es-

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pionage Department, and who, as Sir Basil Thomson, the former Chief of Scotland Yard, relates in his memoirs, were immediately picked up at the outbreak of hostilities. There must be hundreds of German and Japanese spies on Soviet soil, and for that matter the Russians doubtless carry on similar work in Japan and Germany. In either case, one may be sure, these secret agents do their utmost to get into touch with disaffected elements in the country where they are working, with a view not merely to espionage but to sabotage as well. This self-evident truth, however, has been somewhat overlooked in the discussion of the Moscow trials.

That disaffected elements existed apart from the small devoted group of Trotsky's adherents, particularly among senior (in length of membership) ranks of the Bolshevik Party, is obvious and natural enough. There were those who grumbled that the growing tendency to regard Stalin as a superman had destroyed party democracy as they had known it in the old days. Others, as professional revolutionaries, or breakers-down, failed to readjust themselves as builders and executives, and rationalized their failure in terms of jealousy of the earlier laborers in the vineyard toward those who were called at the eleventh hour. Others again objected to the Stalinist theory of greater reward for greater service, to the new patriotism and to the conception of the USSR as a world power dealing with other powers on terms of equality and friendship rather than as a disruptive force of permanent revolution. The number of malcontents was increased by personal grievance or disappointment no less than by ideological causes. All this provided fertile soil in which the Trotskyists could sow the seeds of disintegration and corruption.

It is further true that in totalitarian states no opposition can be permitted, because the idea of the state has been deified and opposition is therefore a Deadly Sin, which forces oppositionists to work underground and not only to become conspirators but to gravitate toward each other and toward a common center, if there is one. The Trotskyists offered such a center and in consequence, as in the case of the abortive revolt against Hitler in 1934, an odd lot of the most diverse elements became associated in common hostility toward the regime. Furthermore, the nature of conspiracies is such that those engaged in them move almost imperceptibly from step to step. They begin as malcontents for one reason or another, they associate with other malcontents and gradually pass from grumbling to thoughts of action. Their aims become more definite, or more definite aims are suggested to them by others, until at last they find themselves committed to a line of conduct that they would never have contemplated at the outset. And to the question, "How could a man like Tukhachevsky betray his country's secrets to a potential enemy?" the answer is that he did not change at one fell swoop from a loyal soldier to a traitor, but was subjected to a creeping malady of disintegration and ultimate self-justification for a deed he might earlier have abhorred.

Thus one reaches a final synthesis, as follows:

a. Trotsky was fanatically determined to overthrow the Stalinist regime.

b. Hitler was fanatically determined to "expand eastwards" at the expense of the USSR.

c. Both Hitler and Trotsky had at their disposal efficient organizations to develop conspirative action, sabotage and espionage within the USSR and to conduct propaganda abroad.

d. Opportunities for contact between Germany (and Japan) and the anti-Stalinist conspirators both inside and outside the USSR were not lacking.

The conclusion is inevitable.

It cannot be negatived by foreign bewilderment over the "mystery" of the trials and of the confessions made by the accused, or by foreign belief that the morale of the Red Army has been gravely impaired and that the whole USSR is engulfed in a flood of hysterical witch-hunting. The Kremlin's enemies have used this belief and bewilderment to weaken, at a most critical period, the international prestige of the USSR, but that does not alter the fact that their Trojan horse is broken and its occupants destroyed.

WALTER DURANTY.

Girl and Scarecrow

With wide cool eyes she gazes on mankind
And through her eyes, her inward sweetness looks
Mirror reflected. All dark thoughts refined,
Purified as in a thousand mountain brooks.

Her own face seems mankind's, young, kind, dew-clear
Transformed by deepsea music it has heard
Her voice strained sweet and cold; in atmosphere
Like after rain, warm colors, washed and blurred.

She knows the world is joy's, and she can bless
Each day to come with a rich miracle
And draw time to her in a swift caress
While music flows from some fresh-rising well.

But time has ceased to breathe upon her glass
And when she looks she sees another face
Rise from behind the mirrored wilderness
With frantic arms outstretched for an embrace.

Face of a scarecrow, sorrow-worn and sick
Emaciated, pale, a death's-head way
Of smiling. Limbs loose, eyes of a lunatic

Grosser than dust, a little less than clay.

MARYA ZATURENSKA.

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The Cassandra Racket

THERE are now in this country a group of daily-newspaper commentators on public affairs who have at least one thing in common. They unite in taking an extremely dark view of the future of America, and in writing about the danger of calamity so persistently and so completely to the exclusion of other topics that it is not unfair to say this is now their chief business. My reference is to Dorothy Thompson, Walter Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, George Sokolsky, Frank Kent and their admiring imitators. When I say they are engaged in "the Cassandra racket" I am using the name of that unhappy prophetess, of course, with the connotations popularly applied to it. Cassandra's predictions were disregarded and were true; the announcements of coming disaster made by these newspaper writers are taken with great seriousness by large numbers of people and they are, in my judgment, false.

Any generalization about such a disparate group as I have mentioned is bound to be unfair to some of its members; but it is legitimate to observe one broad tendency appearing in the writing of the individuals named. I have just reread at one sitting almost their entire output for the past sixty days and I find a group of arguments repeated again and again. All of them believe that this country is moving in a direction dangerous to historic American principles and to the peace and happiness of a majority of our citizens. Some of them profess a special knowledge and authority regarding the rise of fascism in Europe, and find repeated parallels between what happened a few years ago in Germany and Italy and what is happening here today. Several of them see a direct danger of a fascist or semi-fascist state in America because of the actions of President Roosevelt or John L. Lewis. Others believe the policies of these gentlemen will provoke opposition of a sort that is likely to move in a fascist tendency. In either case, nearly all of them are opposed, almost all the time, to Mr. Roosevelt's policies.

At the moment, their chief bitterness is of course against the proposal for reorganization of the Supreme Court. Next to this, they object to the wages-and-hours bill. They are on the whole in favor of immediate and drastic federal economy, including a sharp reduction in the work-relief program. Most of them demand revision of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, along the lines of the Vandenberg proposal or otherwise. They want, in general, federal incorporation of unions to increase their financial responsibility for losses inflicted upon an employer in the course of a strike. Most of them want sharp penalties against strikes during the life of a union contract. They show a distinct leaning toward compulsory arbitration or perhaps the complete outlawing of strikes in such essential industries as electric power, gas, water, transportation, etc.

The group of columnists whose chief members I have named have an importance in American life that many people probably do not realize. Their collective success in the past year or two constitutes the outstanding fact about American journalism during that period. As they have gone up, unsigned editorials published in individual papers have gone down, continuing to lose what little prestige and influence they still had. Each of these writers has a large daily circulation, some of them running into millions. While there are a few liberal columnists who are also widely syndicated, the conservative group that I have been discussing greatly outnumbers them—I should guess, by at least ten to one. It would of course be easy to overestimate the influence of the conservatives. They and the papers in which their work appears were opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection in 1936 by about two to one and the readers of these papers voted the other way in almost precisely the same proportions. Nevertheless, these writers do wield a tremendous power, particularly between elections and at a time like the present, when the horizon, both at home and abroad, seems so dark and troubled.

Perhaps the most striking single fact about the members of this group is that all of them were once markedly progressive in their views, and made their reputations as spokesmen for the new order. This is true even of such an ultra-conservative as Mark Sullivan, who, a quarter of a century ago, was writing editorials full of fine expressions of progressive philosophy, in Colliers' Weekly. I do not doubt that most or all of these individuals still consider themselves progressives, despite the nearly unanimous opposite judgment of everyone else whose opinion should carry weight. It is a striking fact that just as America has never been able to develop conservative periodicals that could be taken seriously (or could survive at all, for any length of time) so the Tories have not, so far as I can remember, produced a spokesman from their own ranks. Invariably they have been obliged to raid the camp of the enemy.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to quote in detail from the writings of this group in support of their general thesis, outlined above. I should only like to register the statement that to me and, I am sure, to many other persons, their whole hypothesis seems invalid. Though they talk as if they were arguing for one policy as against another, nearly always it turns out in fact that what they really want—and certainly, what the country would get if their recommendations were prevailing—is the maintenance of the status quo. They remind me of the group which might be called the "Free

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Speech, But—" school, which on every issue involving suppression of a minority invariably begins by saying that they are in general the warmest supporters of freedom of utterance, that it is only in this particular case they feel there is a Higher Good that takes preference.

Nearly all these writers are warmly in favor of unionization, in theory; it is only when someone comes along and does something really effective in the field of organization that they feel obliged to go over—temporarily, let it be understood—to the other side. They are heartily opposed to having anybody starve; and they support this principle at all times except when appropriations are under consideration to prevent starvation, when they feel (without knowing anything about it, since all the fundamental statistics are lacking) that whatever amount is suggested is certainly far too big. They believe in the will of the democratic majority as the final authority; and they talk about this in season and out until the time when it becomes clear that the Supreme Court is determined to thwart the will of the majority, and a proposal is made to alter the number of Justices on the Bench to break the deadlock. At that point, they suddenly go over to the other side.

Zeal makes emotion and emotion makes muddled thinking; perhaps that is why their tenderness for the minority, whose rights they see threatened, so frequently results in the argument, explicit or implicit, that the majority really cannot be trusted to know what is best for its own interest, that Congress, for example, must have its hands tied by the Supreme Court so that it shall not do foolish and reckless things. In short, the masses should be ruled by the Best Minds, all in the interest of democracy and to rescue us, God save the mark, from the danger of a fascism whose basis is the belief that the masses cannot be trusted, and must be ruled in the interest of the state, by a little hierarchy of the Best Minds.

In the heat of the battle, some curious detailed arguments are advanced. The CIO must be fought on the ground that its contracts are not valid. The assumption here is that the CIO consists only of the new and inexperienced unions in steel and automobiles, overlooking the long established CIO unions in other industries that have been operating under contract for many years without serious difficulty. The assumption is, further, that you can go into a disorganized industry where the workers for a generation have been spied upon, lied to, beaten, gassed or killed when they protested, and overnight turn thousands of men into union members of such responsibility that they will under no circumstances lay down their tools for an hour, not even if (as has happened more than once) the company's petty officials have themselves incited protest by breaking the terms of the contract. The assumption is that John L. Lewis is simultaneously an all-powerful autocrat whose men obey his slightest word and at the same time unable, despite his earnest efforts, to prevent unauthorized stoppages.

Nearly all these writers are fond of citing what they imagine to be British experience with trade unions. They firmly believe that British unions are incorporated, their books open by law to the public, sympathetic strikes forbidden, general strikes prohibited, and so on. While the position of British labor is certainly not ideal, the facts about the situation are far different from, and more favorable than, what these commentators so blithely assume. But still more important than their incorrect statements are the things they do not say at all. They omit to mention that the principle of collective bargaining is accepted almost throughout British industry, and has been for two generations. They neglect to say that a man like Tom Girdler would be as unthinkable in Great Britain as would be the cold-blooded massacre at South Chicago. They suppress the fact that British capitalists encourage the development of strong, experienced and trustworthy union leaders, not from altruistic motives but for their own protection, in order that they may know where they stand, may have union agreements that are "respected because they are respectable."

In short, they never tell you that in regard to collective bargaining the United States is now recapitulating the history of all Western Europe, with a time lag of twenty to fifty years, and with the process greatly speeded up. They rarely mention what every sensible man must know to be true, that when this process has been completed, people will look back with amazement upon the Girdlers and Rands of the present day.

As my readers may have gathered, I am getting a little tired of the Cassandra racket. No one with eyes in his head can deny that there is a certain element of danger of fascism in this country. But it is surely nonsense to suppose that we shall duplicate to the letter the experience of Italy and Germany, and that our background of democratic training, our American traits of individualism and self-reliance, our size and resources, our universal free public education, will have no effect upon our national development. It is Jesuitical to place all blame for the danger upon those who are seeking a decent minimum standard of life for the masses of the American people. It is intellectual dishonesty for those who are in a position to know better to compare Roosevelt's aims and philosophy with the aims and philosophy of a Hitler or a Mussolini. It is criminal folly to believe that we can turn the clock backward to the America of the 1880's and can survive with an unplanned civilization (which always turns out to be in fact a civilization planned in the interest of a well-to-do minority) in such a world as we see about us today. If I may mix my metaphors a little, the Cassandras are crying wolf, wolf so often and with such patent misrepresentation of the facts that it is impossible for thoughtful men to take them seriously. And as always under such circumstances, the tragedy is that they thus disbar themselves from warning the nation when the wolf really comes.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Volunteer in Spain

II: *The Big Attack*

John Sommerfield left an English university to join the International Brigade. Sketchily trained and hastily thrown into action, the Brigade accomplished the impossible by stopping Franco's fascists at the very gates of Madrid. In this second of three excerpts from his book, soon to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Sommerfield gives an impressionistic recollection of those first weeks in which the fighting was so continuous and so ferocious that the brain ceased to register and time abdicated. He follows with an account of the Brigade's counter-attack.—THE EDITORS.

The Weeks without Time.—Then we left the heights of University City and advanced downward into the valley, into the rough country and the late autumn woods, and the river barred our way; then we went up on to the open hills past Aravaca and Humera, across the heathland, and crouched from the gaze of airplanes amongst the prickly gorse bushes; then we hurled hand grenades at the gates in the great wall of the Casa del Campo, from behind whose ancient gray stones the Moors broke our attacks like a steep cliff shattering waves; then we marched at night across dangerous country; then we advanced again through beech woods where bullets sang overhead in the treetops; then we shelled, then we were bombed from the air and the earth, then the machine-gun bullets fanned upon lines of men like hot blasts of wind upon snow; then the airplanes dived shrieking upon us, then we were deafened by the sound of our own firing, and we buried the frozen corpses before sunrise. But at Aravaca there were too many to bury, we heaped up the dead Moors into a mound and burned them, and the smell of roasting flesh haunted the night.

And it was not until a certain quiet day when we rested by a stream whose clear current bore away the last fallen leaves, and the firing had died down into an intermittent shooting in the woods above that were like an English scene in the late autumn countryside when the guns crack and pheasants tumble out of the air while the echoes of the shots are fading among the hills—it was then, bending over the stream to wash, and seeing the dark reflections of our bearded faces hanging in the water, that we knew time again. (We dabbled our feet in the icy water, and it was the first time we had taken our boots off for three weeks.)

It was then that time began again for us, and we were able to look back on the days through which we had passed, days that we could only have reckoned by marches, battles and attacks, the death of comrades and changes in the weather, and that we had not stopped to reckon at all, until suddenly, in a quiet moment, by the side of a stream, they were over, and Madrid not fallen.

The Brigade Advances.—It was our first big attack. We marched from the valley in the Casa del Campo to Aravaca, and waited for the dawn. Many tanks and armored cars came with us, all that there were on the Madrid front; airplanes would support us. The French, the Poles and the Germans were to be the first line.

The tanks and armored cars did not stay, but we waited at Aravaca, and were served with scalding coffee; we drank eagerly, holding the hot mugs close in our numbed hands. The sun rose and it was going to be a fine day.

The trucks came with our machine guns. Joe was in one; he waved to us, and we were glad to see him, it was the first time we had seen him since he had fought his way clear of the Moors who surrounded him at the white farmhouse. He looked very tired, was unshaven, his clothes dirty and torn, but his hair was brushed and he had not lost his air of neatness. He brought his Lewis gun with him, slung to his shoulder like a rifle by a piece of old rope; the tripod was lost, and later he showed me how to fire it between one's feet.

Now we had an extra gun; there were five in our team, and one could be spared, so I went with Joe. He was a good man to be with. The two of us had to manage eight drums of ammunition as well as the gun, and there were no panniers to carry them in, so I turned out my kit bag and loaded it up, and slung some more across my shoulders with a bit of rope. It cut into my flesh and the kit bag was terribly heavy. I wrapped up my kit in my blanket and put it in the truck; it was the last I saw of it.

Soon we marched off. We went in single file along the ditches at the side of the road. Some planes came over, but dropped no bombs. Each time we lay down in the ditch it was a welcome relief from the weight of my ammunition, but I was topheavy and could hardly get to my feet, and my rifle would slip from my shoulder and when I bent down to pick it up the ammunition drums slid round and bashed me on the side of the head, and I hated it.

We marched for about an hour, up toward the barren hills and the heathland; the scenery was like the bare parts of Sussex, only wilder and without houses. We stopped and rested for a little and already I was tired and my shoulders sore; then we began to deploy in extended order. As soon as we left the road and came out into the open we were under fire. But there was plenty of cover.

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We were on the right flank of the French and next to us were the Poles; it was the first time we had been with them, and they were fine chaps, mostly miners, small, wiry, very tough and gay. The sun shone brightly, and though it was very cold we sweated as we ran.

Many small cart tracks curved among the hills, and some of the light armored cars went up ahead of us, firing. There was no shelling from the enemy. I think the attack had been a surprise. Their lines ran back from the Casa del Campo in a big V; all the fighting lately had been at the apex, and this, the Humera sector (which was the north leg of the V), apparently had been lightly held. The rifle fire that met us was irregular and inaccurate at first, most of it well above our heads. But at one place the number-five gun team, which was Joe and I, had to cross a plowed field without any cover, and we drew a lot of pretty accurate fire. Then we found that we hadn't been supposed to go that way; we didn't feel like going back the way we came so we made a big detour and caught up with the others while they were resting. We were furious; it had been due to Richter's light-hearted carelessness, and Joe wanted to tell him a few things and I was ready to help, but we couldn't find him.

Contact with the Enemy.—The enemy was invisible, presumably far away, and the attack being on so long a front it was impossible for us to get any idea of what was happening. It seemed now that we were doing a turning movement. The Poles stayed along the road and we went forward. There was more firing, and it was more accurate. We reached high heathland covered with heather and gorse bushes and patches of pine wood. Strewn on the ground were abandoned packs, blankets, empty tins of meat, water bottles and cartridge cases. There were plenty of things we wanted lying about, but we had been given orders not to pick up anything left by the enemy, and anyhow there wasn't time; we were going forward briskly now.

The first shells began to arrive; it was only small stuff and they hadn't got our range, until the airplanes came over and had a look. Then things began to be less like maneuvers. The scouts were followed by bombers, who let us have it. Then our planes came, and there was fighting in the air, and occasional strafing. We lay among the gorse bushes and watched; we were used to it now, and they did it very badly. I didn't see anyone get hurt. Joe sang depressing music-hall songs in a loud, flat voice.

It was a fine day; we lay in the bushes and smoked cigarettes. Our situation was quite incomprehensible to me, and I lost interest, watched the airplanes, and enjoyed the countryside, until the shells began to come our way. We went forward again, and the shells were falling in front, so we advanced into them. We reached another road, and ahead was a patch of flat, bare ground, and then trenches. We crouched behind the bank beside the road, and one by one the gun sections went over. The trenches were empty, but it wasn't easy getting there—a hundred-yard dash with no cover. I don't remember how we got across. We tumbled in and lay gasping in the loose earth at the bottom of the trench, which was shallow, hastily dug, with crumbling sides. One of our lot had got a piece of shrapnel in his calf and was cursing and swearing, refusing to go back. Outside the trench were a few corpses, but there didn't seem to have been much fighting.

Individual Warfare.—Ahead the ground sloped gently downwards, and there was a little white farmhouse and cultivated land. About a mile away we could see the three great masts of the wireless station, which had been a distant landmark to us down in the Casa del Campo.

I thought that this was about as far as we would get. The shelling was quite heavy now, but a section was sent forward in the direction of the farmhouse. They didn't get there; after about twenty yards they hesitated, and then came running back; I didn't blame them. Three were hurt. When there was a little lull a few of us went over the top. Joe began to sing again. I felt good too; I don't know why. I felt absolutely splendid. We went forward in short rushes. Big shells were landing now, and shrapnel. The danger and the excitement made me forget how tired I was. They had brought up one really big gun now, heavier than anything we had seen used in this way. The shells made fine holes in the ground.

Eventually we landed breathlessly up against a dung heap at the back of the farmhouse. I didn't care for the situation. It seemed an obvious place to bombard. Joe and I and a few others went forward again, and lay in a miserable little ditch between two fields.

The sun was getting low, trees cast long, wintry, melancholy shadows. In front was gently rolling wooded country. We couldn't see a sign of the fascists except for the smoke going up in the distance from their batteries. We had got a good distance ahead of everyone else now. I had an uncomfortable isolated feeling. I turned round to see if anyone else was coming up to support us. Four figures ran forward from behind the farmhouse and there was a tremendous howl in the air as three shells came over all together, and then there was an appalling crash, the farmhouse vanished, going up in a cloud of smoke, a great fountain of bricks and timbers, odd-shaped objects tossing in its jet, and when the smoke died away there was only a pile of rubble left with a few big beams sticking out.

"Good thing we didn't stay," I said, somewhat unnecessarily.

"Yeah," said Joe. "But it's not so hot here."

"It's nasty," I said. "I don't care for it."

"Nobody cares for it," said Joe irritably. "But take a look back there." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the trenches. There was an almost continuous line of exploding shells. We were cut off. It was the first heavy barrage I had seen. I stood up

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cautiously behind a tree to have a good look. "Well," I said. "It may be lonely here, but they aren't bothering about shelling us. Maybe we'd better stay and—" I didn't finish because a big one landed right behind us. As I dropped forward I felt a blow on the side of my face and heard a heavy thump of something hitting the tree beside where my head had been.

"You hit?" said Joe.

"Think so," I said, feeling the blood running down my cheek. He looked. "No," he said. "You'll be hanged yet." I put my hand up to feel, and there was a neat cut, like a shaving gash, just by the cheekbone. Three inches more to the right, and I would have had only one side left to my face.

The next shell was nearer. It only covered us with dirt, but it made me feel peculiar. "The party's getting rough," said Bill. "I'm going."

We began to crawl back. On the way I picked up a tin of corned beef, which was the best thing that had happened that day. We couldn't go back from where we had come, the shelling was too heavy. We bore over to the left, and got to a section of trench full of Spanish. We fell in, landing on top of some people who were asleep. They took no notice; they were too tired. It looked as if they had been having a bad time.

Aftermath.—The sun had set, and it began to grow bitterly cold. I experienced a sudden reaction; all the exhaustion of the day overcame me; I lay in a huddle at the bottom of the trench, too tired even to unsling my pack and ammunition drums. But we were ravenously hungry, and I pulled myself together to deal with the corned beef. I had to use a bayonet, and I wasn't very good at it; every few seconds I had to stop and lie flat as a shell came over. When it was opened I lay on my side, gnawing at a lump; too tired to get out my knife. Every time a shell landed near, the meat was dusted over with earth which fell upon our prostrate bodies like rain, and trickled down the sides of the trench. But I wasn't going to die on an empty stomach.

That night was the worst night I had spent yet; it was colder than ever and I had no blanket. After dark the Spanish were relieved by a few men from the Marty battalion. There were so few of us that I had to be on guard half the time. Often I found myself almost asleep on my feet, and was frightened; there were few of us and it would be easy to be surprised, because fifty yards in front was a patch of rough ground that gave good cover for attackers, and the Moors were splendid at coming up silently and invisibly in the night. And when I lay down to sleep the pain of the cold kept waking me up. Also there were bursts of firing and we had to stand to and fire back into the darkness. It had been a hard day, and it was a bad night. As for the attack, we never knew if it had been a success or not.

JOHN SOMMERFIELD.

The final instalment of "Volunteer in Spain" will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

The Man with the Blues in His Heart

JACK TEAGARDEN (otherwise Jackson, Mister Jack, Mister T, Big Gate, etc.) is one of the really high men in the jazz collection, I'll tell you more about it. At the outset it should be said that he has been playing around half his lifetime in a business that sets the most grueling pace of any. On the stand, off the stand, on the train and up on another stand night after night after night, rehearsals and recording dates, a different hotel and different babes but the same arrangements and iron routine. And the same bottle. Yet a man is supposed to bring it out clean and inspired every time his number is called, and it is a mortal truth that playing it that way in jazz means playing as though you had a fire under you. Teagarden has been on this griddle a long time. Though still a fine musician he seems tired and cynical, his creation a bit shopworn—which knowing gentlemen have not hesitated to remark or less knowing gentlemen to echo, which in itself is enough to embitter a fellow and make him listless.

Word about him is always going around. He was with Whiteman in the long stretch when they were playing "Jumbo" and it was getting him down and he was taking more heavily to drink and just about on his deathbed. Then it was over and the word was that Jack was sitting in with the Boys in the Spots and this was a new lease on life. Then he went to Texas and then he and a few others were playing nightly at the Hickory House in a very weary and dispirited jam combination, and it was common knowledge that Jack was taking more heavily to drink and practically on his etc. Then they were on the road for months and I saw them in Miami, where they were playing a slew of marches for the greyhound races and it struck me that Jack did not like marches or greyhounds either, and it didn't help any when he put a dollar on a dog out of sheer boredom and the pooch would stop and go to work on a flea somewhere around the back stretch. Then this spring the Goodman band was playing that New York sweatbox with the odd name of Roseland, crowds bulging the walls out and all, and when the boys finally got away from the stand in the first intermission, the word was that Jack was sitting right on the edge of the platform and his eyes were bugging out, and he was very happy and he had a jug. The new-lease-on-life idea, of course.

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Now he is down in Texas with Whiteman again and I presume the word is still going around. Well, the point is that a man's bones get weary after a while, and if he doesn't want to go on forever playing it as though it were being torn out of him, and playing for practically marbles, why all right then. Jack could stop playing as of today and still have more splendor behind him than the latest fourteen-year-old wonder will pick up in the next ten years. Happy is he, in this game, who dies before his time.

Jack Teagarden was born in Texas a little over thirty years ago, with two brothers to follow in the family (Charles plays trumpet beside him in the Whiteman band today). When he was fifteen he was playing trombone with a brass band and after that he had jobs with cowboy bands, etc. By the time he was twenty-one he had come up from Texas and was playing in the Ben Pollack orchestra, which had Benny and Harry Goodman (plug), Jimmy McPartland etc., and was one of the high-water marks of its time. His face was round, his hair was black and he parted it in the middle and slicked it back. He had a lazy baritone voice that was musical even in speech and Texas all over the place, strong-fibered and rich for singing—though in the early days he made his way wholly on his instrument, which up to his time had been a sort of sliding musical joke.

If there is less doubt today that the trombone is a beautiful horn, full of color and ring and deep power—its high notes played against such exciting resistance, its lows so broad, dark and hoarse—it is thanks to Jack, along with Jimmy Harrison, Charlie Green, Higginbotham and (with more mechanical verve) Miff Mole, Tom Dorsey, Bill Rank. I mention these names because no one has quite done for the trombone what Bix Beiderbecke did for the cornet, mastering the instrument completely as a medium for the gusty winds of music that brewed within him. Mole and Rank had that explosive round perfection of each note as hit; Dorsey has a truer singing quality on the "sweet" side than anything recorded; the Negroes (Harrison, etc.) had the raw creative strength. But as an all-around man, Teagarden for me comes nearest to that high spirit in brass. There is the same singing strength and style of his own, the same feeling that this was the instrument with just the timbre and interval to suit him best and he the best suited to it.

He will hit fuzzy ones sometimes, sometimes crowd his horn too much and often bring back the same variation for a supposedly different theme, but taken at his best he has that clear construction in melodic lines, that insistent suggestion through complexity of the simple prime beat. And in both tonal and rhythmic attack there is that constant hint of conquest over an imposed resistance which is peculiar to jazz and therefore undefinable in other terms. Something like the difference between driving a spike cleanly into a solid oak block and the hollow victory of sinking it in lath and plaster. Something like what it takes to hold a note and make it build powerfully, or hammer it back in at intervals to dominate a chorus, or come out of a whole burst of notes with three deliberate tones, mounted (as it were) in a sudden ringing silence. Not what it takes, certainly, to play in perfect unison and proper blare a march for "Jumbo" or the Biscayne Kennel Club—Jack does that too, as he must to live, but there both instrument and man are merely the highly perfected instrument for somebody else's music—Sousa or whoever. Every man his own composer is the rule in jazz, which is demonstrated once more in the work of Teagarden, building up behind those single-tone vibrato attacks and tortured triplets, running clear in the wide long open beauty of the blues, the lazy rest and slur; every note true to its inner laws of pitch and overtone, true in its relation to the harmonic structure and mood of the piece; the man leaning back against the iron signature or riding it easily, or rampaging on against the van of it like some great brass bull.

Jack has been everywhere, but I suppose the time with Pollack, the first taste of real fame and flush of power, were the best for him (his recordings with the Red Nichols outfits are really the best for us). After Pollack he went on the fierce grind of the Mal Hallet organization, along with Gene Krupa (plug) and others; and while he has been with Whiteman for years, it is hard to keep track of the men he has played or recorded with meanwhile. He played with the great Louis Armstrong orchestra that recorded "Knockin' a Jug," he is to be heard on some of the works of the Chicago group, he did a lot of jobs with Benny Goodman's recording bands (someone once remarked the Goodman family had everything but a trombone; "What do you mean?" one of them said, "we've got Jack"); he was in the movies, has always been featured by Whiteman and Trumbauer, and has made some records under his own name. When Hoagy Carmichael gathered all the stars to put some of his songs on wax, there was Mr. Jackson at the end of "Georgia" playing five or six phrases in as beautiful a mood of invention as you will hear; and when the Venuti-Lang team gathered an "all-star" group to make four sides, there he was again, prominent all the way through, particularly in the best of his recorded "Beale Street Blues"; he played one date behind the great Bessie Smith.

And all the time he has been turning out music with a warmth and incessant play of the unexpected that you could never describe, but never confuse with anyone else's. He can take a group of notes in three simple progressions and make them a source of repeated surprise and delight by managing to shift the emphasis, invert the expected order, surge ahead and then hold all and then suddenly bring all out into one of those full measured tones he gets, true in the center and edged with a fine coarse vibrato (the controlled shake of the instrument, the pressure of air to the lips and lips to the mouthpiece—*embouchure* if you wish). And, in the mea-

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sure of his chorus, he always uses the savage velvet of a good trombone, the beat of jazz and lilt of the phrases to arrive at something that is terrific on a leash or sad, or gorgeous, or enchanting with echoes of a better day. His music all through has a true singing quality (though there are many heroes who can be just terrific or technically amazing, those who can throw out a line of notes that will make a kind of song are few and stand at the top) and indeed he can put away his instrument at any time and sing a chorus like an angel. But an angel from Texas, gone a little maverick. They delight to use him for kidding numbers, as witness the classic they did on "The Sheik," but his singing voice goes best with the Blues and is a clue to the penetrating lazy kind of sadness that hangs in his best overtones. I mentioned the "Georgia" number and there are countless others where nostalgia might be explained by fidelity to content, but when you take the solo (as finely constructed a piece of work, incidentally, as he or anybody else has managed) in a number called "I'm Just Wild about Harry," and hear the phrases drop like an instinctive sorrowing for the sins of the race—then you can tell where he came from and where his heart lies. Running through all his work, singing or playing—

I was born down in Texas, raised in Tennessee

—you can catch the echo of it almost as distinctly as though someone had said it: the heritage, the true lift and music of the Blues.

Said I was born in Texas, raised in Tennessee.

It is an American form, peculiar and beautiful, and its naïve turns are never foolish except in the mouths of those who burlesque it without knowing or seeing the enduring strength of its simplicities.

And there ain't no one woman
Going to make a fat-mouth out of me.

You have to have it early and have it plenty, it has to come from some reservoir of native experience, combining that expression of the world's sadness with that fine derision for the facts of common life.

(*I said a fat-mouth out of me.*)

So that old Beale Street jive ("New York might be all right, but Beale Street's paved with gold") seems to lie just behind this man's best work. And I am not joking or filling out an article when I say that Mr. Teagarden's best work is one of those things that has about its edges the strange and awful air of pure creation, something that was brought out because it was born in him like a gift and had to get out. It would be a far far better thing to be Jack Teagarden today, I think sometimes, blowing it out listlessly with Whiteman and perhaps hung over like a chimney full of bricks—and have that much behind you, irrevocable and accomplished—than to be any one of twenty young geniuses breaking out into no matter what art with no matter what talents. For a man lives best by the best that he has done, and so there can hardly be any premature burials of Jack Teagarden, because he has already done pretty fine.

OTIS FERGUSON.

Washington Notes

"Romeo and Juliet" and the CIO—Can the Steel Independents Nullify the Labor Laws?—A Court Compromise Bill v. a Filibuster

LAST WEEK was a nervous, troubled period in Washington. From the start of the CIO's strike against the steel independents, it has been evident that Mr. Roosevelt was the only governmental officer of sufficient weight to deal effectively with Mr. Girdler and his fellow swashbucklers. A week ago, when the Taft mediation board wanly expired, it seemed the moment for Mr. Roosevelt to act. Instead, he announced: "A plague o' both your houses."

A faction in Washington regards Mr. Roosevelt as a masterly politician whose every utterance has deep significance. The writer does not adhere to this school, and sees no reason to believe that the President's words meant anything more than that he was anxious to depart for his son's wedding, and hated having a new problem piled on him. Indeed, his selection of a quotation from "Romeo and Juliet" suggests that the union of the houses of Roosevelt and duPont in marriage was more on his mind than the bloody events of the Mahoning Valley and South Chicago.

Nevertheless, the effect of his words was unhappy. By some CIO sympathizers, they were taken as a hand-washing gesture similar to Pontius Pilate's. While I think this interpretation unjustified, it must be admitted that certain administration advisers now view Mr. Lewis and the CIO with a bilious eye. Accustomed to think only in terms of political expediency, they fear that the steel strike is turning middle-class and farm voters against the Democratic Party. Undoubtedly it was pressure from these politically minded elements in the administration that led Secretary Perkins to announce, over the week-end: "Strikers may not lawfully use the sit-down method."

In contrast to these discouraging developments, last week saw the start of the La Follette committee's investigation into the police massacre at South Chicago, and of the National Labor Relations Board's hearings in the Inland Steel case. Similar hearings on charges filed against Republic Steel are scheduled to follow in a few days. These parallel inquiries ought to make clear to the nation the reality behind the present strike. Quite apart from isolated acts of violence by either side, what is at issue is the integrity of the federal labor laws. According to trustworthy evidence from labor sources, the steel independents have employed labor spies on an almost fantastic scale. Spies have commanded picket lines, had the run of district strike headquarters, and in at least once instance offered themselves as SWOC witnesses before the NLRB. The steel companies have furnished municipalities with funds with which to hire strikebreaking police deputies, and presented them with whole arsenals of gas bombs and riot guns. Those familar with the evidence that will be produced at the La Follette and NLRB hearings say that if the steel independents are permitted to win, no open-shop employer need ever again fear the National Labor Relations Act. This is why, in my judgment, Mr. Roosevelt cannot remain indifferent to the CIO's fate. Either the steel workers must be given their right or much of the New Deal program will collapse.

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Many correspondents here believe the prospects for a compromise Supreme Court bill have improved in the last few days. Even so, the improvement is nothing to cheer about. Technically, nothing can halt a filibuster against a Supreme Court compromise bill except cloture, and thirty-three Senators can defeat a vote for cloture. There are sixteen Republicans in the Senate, all of whom can reasonably be expected to support a filibuster until the legal end of the session next January, if need be. As things stand now, there are undoubtedly seventeen Democrats prepared to join with them in a battalion of death.

This does not mean that a compromise bill is hopelessly lost. If, at the end of another three or four weeks, the country begins actively to demand a reorganization of the Supreme Court, the present bitterness of the bitter-enders will soften. Few Senators are bent on political suicide. But someone in the pro-administration ranks of the Senate must be able to r'ar back, open his mouth and tell the country what the Logan-Hatch compromise is about, and why it is needed. Someone must give a lead to the country that will bring about a crystallization of sentiment. The Senate reactionaries can be counted on to tell their side of the story with great ability. Mr. Wheeler is one of the best debaters of a generation; Messrs. Clark and Vandenberg may be second-string men, and Mr. Borah a walking ghost, but they are by no means negligible. With the possible exception of Mr. Robinson, the pro-administration leaders—men like Harrison, Pittman and Byrnes—cannot be relied on to defend the bill, for they are at best lukewarm toward it. The man who can most surely arouse the country is, of course, Mr. Roosevelt. A radio speech from him of the same passionate eloquence shown in his second Court talk last March might well kill a Senate filibuster dead in its tracks.

Political dopesters here have suggested that Mr. Roosevelt's seeming coolness toward Mr. Lewis and the CIO springs from a desire to ingratiate himself with the reactionary Democratic Senators in anticipation of the Supreme Court fight. It is quite true that the CIO has been the chief cause of the widening breach between Mr. Roosevelt and the Southern reactionaries in Congress. But it now seems doubtful whether even the head of Mr. Lewis on a platter would mollify them. Any hesitancy or weakness on Mr. Roosevelt's part would be more likely to cause them to stiffen their lines. Motto: when a man is down, kick him.

The organization by the CIO of federal government employees is potentially one of the most important happenings under the New Deal. The present British civil service—which, with its admitted faults, is the best in the world—was created chiefly through militant action on the part of organized British government workers more than half a century ago; it is doubtful whether we shall ever have a proper civil service here until the federal employees themselves bring it about. The immediate task confronting Mr. Jacob Baker, former WPA deputy administrator and new head of the United Federal Workers of America, is that of union organization. Presumably he will try to organize the workers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where an A.F. of L. union local was not long ago ruthlessly broken up. Many New Dealers will enjoy the spectacle of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover sitting down to negotiate with a union.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The "Great and Good Man" Theory—Don't Underestimate the Republican Party—Mournful Numbers in the Treasury Report

I NOTICE by the papers last week that I predicted the election of a Republican President in 1940. It might be of interest to readers of this column to know precisely what I did say.

The statement was made in the course of an address at the Tamiment Economic and Social Institute. It was made extemporaneously and, as nearly as I can reproduce it, ran as follows:

The world has gone off on a very old and dangerous theory: that the salvation of peoples lies in turning over power to great and good men. This is the reverse of our democratic theory that the safety of peoples lies in the reign of law, not the rule of great and good men who are above law.

When you forge weapons outside the law for "great and good men" to wield, and rest your safety upon their use of them, then that very safety will require the continuance of the good man in power. Having committed ourselves to this illusory hope in this country it is very natural that we should now get around to demanding a third term for the President. Governor Earle disclaims any ambitions for himself, saying the nation needs President Roosevelt and that neither he nor any other man mentioned for the Democratic succession comes up to the President's knees. Since Governor Earle admits publicly that he does not come up to the President's knees, we can now, with his own approval, call him Shorty. But the Governor's confession of faith is a logical extension of the whole policy of the President to have Congress grant him discretionary powers over the legislative and judicial functions of the government.

However, I think we may safely leave the third-term movement to time. Two or three years will manage it. For before the next election we shall have another slump, and that will discredit Mr. Roosevelt, justly or unjustly, to such an extent that he will be glad to be gone out of the White House.

And if we do have such a slump, which I confidently expect, and the President is discredited, it may well turn out that the Republican Party will come back into power. Do not underestimate its vitality. It represents a vigorous idea with plenty of vitality in all ages. It is the logical defender of the rights of property. The Democratic Party represents nothing—it is a rag-tag and bob-tail assortment of every kind of social idea. A depression will ruin it and the party of property will probably come back into power. And then all of these laws and devices and weapons which you have forged for the great and good man will fall into the hands of a Republican President—another Coolidge, another Harding, another Hoover. And you will not like that so well.

It has been observed of old that figures do not lie, but no one has thought to extend this reputation to bookkeepers—particularly political bookkeepers. The political bookkeeper does not have to lie any more than the book-

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keeper of the tax-dodger. He is permitted to proceed after the manner of the chess player—merely move his pieces about from one side of the board to the other, by which simple stratagem he can produce the most astonishing results.

Take, for instance, the gentleman who manages that weird document known as the daily statement of the United States Treasury. The most recent I have before me is one for June 25—a bit late, as it always is, toward the end of the month. It is significant, however, as this report gives practically the state of the government's figures for the entire fiscal year, which terminates at the end of June.

At one point I read the words "Recovery and Relief Expenditures." Then in adjoining columns appear the figures for recovery and relief expenditures for 1936 and 1937. These two columns convey this pleasing information: that in 1936 the government spent $3,242,697,187.44, while in the fiscal year just closed it spent only $2,803,435,366.10. A little arithmetic reveals that this year we apparently spent $439,261,821.34 less than we did in 1936. All of which exhibits how much better off we are.

Now I again advert to a naïve habit of supposing that words mean what they say. There are others thus innocently constructed. For I have been reading in the newspapers many headlines to the effect that recovery and relief expenditures were nearly half a billion dollars less than last year. These stories were based on this Treasury release.

Now suppose I can convince you that recovery and relief expenditures were greater this year than last, what will you say of this Treasury statement, which day after day puts out these utterly false impressions?

Here are the facts. The Treasury statement is divided into two sections: "General" and "Recovery and Relief." You can make the recovery and relief expenditures look less by simply removing certain items this year and putting them in the column marked "general." This is what the Treasury has done—the same Treasury that now belabors poor millionaires who monkey with their tax statements.

The figures for recovery and relief actually given are not even correct. They are made to appear less by subtracting the amounts of money collected by the government this year from various activities.

For instance, a little item like $317,536,474.61 for Emergency Conservation Work is not included in recovery and relief costs, but is put down under "General Expenditures" for this year, though in last year's statement it was included under recovery and relief.

Here is the true table for both years, including all charges:

	1937	1936
Recovery and relief	$3,270,020,482.76	$3,637,505,054.54
Other costs put under "general":		
Emergency Conservation Work	317,536,474.71	
Farm Credit Administration	27,011,077.75	12,286,938.57
Increased interest on recovery loans	109,776,391.58	
Total	$3,724,344,426.80	$3,649,791,993.11

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

Both Germany and Italy stated they were "resolved to maintain the principle of non-intervention."—*Associated Press dispatch from London, July 2, 1937.*

Why must the Moslem countries always quarrel? Why can't they live peacefully like the Christian nations?—*From an interview with Emir Abdullah ibn Hussein, of Transjordania, published in The New York Times.*

A coroner's jury criticized Richard Percy Wilsher today because he failed to make "strenuous efforts" to save his wife when she drowned in two feet of river water. Wilsher explained that his doctor had forbidden him to bathe because of his catarrh.—*Dispatch from Bedford, England, to The Cleveland, O., Press.*

Better Now?

A call for freedom of the soul, distinguished from political liberty, was sounded by Dr. Martin, who deplored the loss of dignity caused by the dole. . . . Dr. Martin distinguished between historical forms of inquisitional cruelty, acting in the cause of religion, and cruelty that is part of a governmental system. "I know what the rack meant, and the cauldrons of boiling oil. But these cruelties were not exercised as the result of an evil, planned philosophy. Caused by over-enthusiasm and fanaticism, such actions were apologized for later."—*Rev. Dr. William B. Martin, pastor of the Holy Family Church, New Rochelle, addressing a military mass, as reported in The New York Times.*

Another Round, for Heaven's Sake!

"Do you think the nation is drinking itself back to prohibition?" Grant was asked.

"I don't know," replied the venerable churchman. "But I've hoped it was."—*Heber J. Grant, president of the Latter Day Saints (Mormon) Church, quoted in The Salt Lake, Utah, Tribune.*

Hunger Strike?

I have no quarrel with John Lewis or with labor unions. Personally I would not join a labor union if I had to hobo from here to the Pacific and back just for the bite I eat.—*From a letter signed John F. Waters, appearing in The Bennington, Vt., Banner.*

Oops!

Aroused by the request of Dr. Francis E. Townsend for a loan of $5,000,000 to "put the Townsend plan over," Mrs. Ruth Hall Chatfield of Baldwin has proposed a loan of $10,000,000 to stimulate the American birth rate by offering a bonus of $500 to parents for every child born. The Townsend plan "starts at the wrong end," according to Mrs. Chatfield.—*From The Brooklyn, N. Y., Tablet.*

The-Blue-and-the-Gray Department

General Jay J. Morrow [brother of the late Dwight W. Morrow], a staunch Army man, cut a sister out of his will, it was revealed today, because one of her sons once cheered for the Navy at an Army-Navy football game.—*News item from The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Waldo Frank in Rebuttal

SIR: Since the publication in The New Republic [May 12] of my proposal on the Moscow trials and since the reply by Earl Browder, which appeared in The New Republic and (without my proposal) in The Daily Worker, I have received so many letters demanding that I reply to Mr. Browder or asking why I do not reply or questioning what is now to be my position in the revolutionary movement, that I am forced to conclude that my continued silence is misleading. These letters have come from sincere men of all shades of radical opinion, Communist, Socialist, Trotskyist, from workers and from students—from the kind of readers, in short, to whom I am responsible; and since certainly those who wrote expressed feelings and questions of many who did not write, I wish to make a brief statement of my position.

Mr. Browder's letter consisted mainly of personal abuse together with the ignoring and crass falsifying of the main issues raised in my communication. I felt, and feel now, that such a letter calls for no reply; and that to defend myself from abuse would be as irrelevant to the cause that concerns me as the abuse itself.

That, it seems to me, disposes of the question of a direct answer to the attack of Mr. Browder. On the other hand, the situation in Moscow, the implications of my proposal which of course constituted a test of the quality of leadership of the Third International, and the matter and manner of the reply to it composed by the secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, plunge us at once into problems so urgent, so basic, so tragically relevant to the world revolutionary movement, that nothing short of a re-examination of its axioms and principles could do justice to them.

Was this deplorable letter of Mr. Browder in reply to such a communication as mine an accident expressive only of the traits of the individual who wrote it? Or was it indicative of something typical, dangerous and deep in the revolutionary movement? Were Mr. Browder's words *really* written to convince Americans? Or were they essentially a hysterical message meant for the masters in Moscow to reassure them that Earl Browder himself is orthodox and untainted by the heresies that my questionings represent? What leadership can the revolutionists of the world today expect from the Third International? Is it now proved that this supposed world body is a mere organ of Moscow politics? How sharply, despite our loyalty to the October Revolution and our continued faith in the genius of the Russian peoples, must good revolutionists henceforth *distinguish* between defense of the Soviets from their capitalist foes and the acceptance of Soviet hegemony in the Revolution? What can be the basic, the *sub*-political causes of the widespread conspiracies in Russia? Are they chiefly traits characteristic of Russian culture? Or do they perhaps point to defects in the philosophy, logic, ethic and strategy of orthodox Marxist doctrine? . . . These are samples of the kind of question which it seemed to me must be broached in any worthwhile response to the behavior of Earl Browder.

Now of course, to have sat down at my desk at once to proceed with the extended essay that alone could even posit such questions, would have been ideal. Unfortunately, I am not a free man; and am at present engaged in other work urgent to my survival. I wish therefore to say to those who have been troubled by my silence, that I intend to write this essay as soon as my present engagements permit.

I wish also to reassure my friends, many of whom in this country and in other countries are close to the Communist Party or are party members, and who have feared the effect of this episode on my share in the revolutionary movement. My alliance with any group or party has never precluded my independence and my ideological dissent from certain tenets that pass as orthodox in Marxist circles. For these disagreements, I have many times incurred the disfavor of "official" writers and party functionaries—if less intensely than in this case, only because my dissent, couched in philosophical or esthetic terms and not applied to a specific political issue, seemed unimportant to men alien to the language of ideas. But these dialectical antitheses have not made me lose my sense of solidarity in the common cause with other revolutionary workers. The present controversy changes nothing in essence: it is but the ripening in factual terms of a war I have waged for years on many literary fronts with Communist, Socialist and Trotskyist alike.

I have always contended that the revolutionary movement has not yet matured doctrinally; that it is still a proto-form as regards vision and ethic; *and that this is one of the basic causes of its political failures.* I know that behind the events in Moscow lie precisely these fundamental problems: and this was why I felt obliged to make my proposal. And I reiterate what I said at the close of that proposal: *Any party that for any reason, however "politically urgent," lacks the wisdom to confront these problems NOW, will die as a revolutionary party.*

To collaborate in the maturing of the world vision adequate to the revolutionary task of world re-creation, is the essential task that I share with other artists and thinkers worthy the name. My proposal (which was a challenge) was a part of that task. I shall continue to pursue this task as long as I live, and in solidarity with all sincere revolutionary workers, whether or not certain of them be blinded to this dialectical solidarity by disagreements between us.

Truro, Mass. WALDO FRANK.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

L. J. Salter, of North Rose, New York, suggests that perhaps the new tolerance shown by the American Medical Association toward socialized medicine and birth control may be due to the fact that both these measures might reduce the number of charity cases that doctors are called upon to handle. . . . L. M. Passano, Chebeague Island, Maine, says the chief reason that America should not coöperate with Great Britain and the League powers in collective action to ensure peace, as suggested by J. A. Hobson in our issue of June 30, is that the present government of Britain "has repeatedly betrayed the League of Nations and is essentially an aristocratic oligarchy in sympathy with Nazism and fascism."

Julius Reiss, proprietor of the People's Bookstore in New Orleans, telegraphs us that the item printed in this column last week about the return of the confiscated books and the reopening of the store is correct, except that the city administration has gone back on its promise of dropping charges against Mr. Reiss and is prosecuting him on a charge of having no visible means of support. Actually, Mr. Reiss earns ten dollars a week as an organizer for the Communist Party, and this amount, he repeats, is more than the weekly wage of many underpaid workers in New Orleans.

What's on the Air?

General Smedley Butler, former commandant of the United States Marine Corps, speaks his mind about "Avoiding War in the Pacific." Monday, July 12, 6:45 P.M., CBS.

Special summer program of America's Town Meeting of the Air is broadcast from the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia. Thursday, July 15, 10 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Burgess Meredith takes the title role in "Hamlet," supported by Grace George, William A. Brady, Walter Abel and Montagu Love, as the Columbia Broadcasting System presents the first of its Shakespeare cycle of eight plays. Monday, July 12, 9 P.M., CBS. . . . On the same evening, over the NBC-Blue Network at 9:30 P.M., John Barrymore presents the fourth of his "Streamlined Shakespeare" productions with "King Lear."

Notable musical programs of the week include a broadcast of the Lewisohn Stadium concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Reiner, Sunday, July 11, 10 P.M., CBS; and the Goldman Band, Monday, July 12, 8:30 to 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Insensate Ideologue

THIS NEW book by Professor Pitirim Sorokin,[1] in three heavy volumes, does not lend itself easily to criticism. Its direction is a confused one, and the author's prejudices are so unbridled that they have the effect of obscuring at first even his more valid arguments. In essence, the study is a series of monographs which Sorokin has done in collaboration with a large number of students and disciples. The value of these studies depends partly upon the validity of the methods used, partly upon the material they bring to light, and partly on the conclusions they help the author to reach or to confirm. I shall, for the sake of brevity, assume that the spadework in these volumes has been effectually and honestly done.

Sorokin's main theses are concerned with the nature of cultural integration and with the actual curve of social change. In purpose, if not in form and content, this book is a rival to A. J. Toynbee's "A Study of History." Sorokin presents a considerable mass of data to show that within the historic epoch there has been no such thing as a regular evolution of social institutions, following the same order in all cultures, and likewise no such thing as purely linear progress, either with respect to a single trait, such as increase in scientific judgment or with respect to culture as a whole. What was glibly called progress in the nineteenth century has been neither uniform, continuous nor unfailingly cumulative: in society both aggrading and degrading processes are constantly taking place.

To describe the course of change in culture Sorokin uses the term fluctuations, a word that emphasizes the irregularities and the mere ups-and-downs of the curve. This notion is almost as indifferent to the observed facts as the older notions of automatic progress or linear evolution. For the fact is that social changes result from a multitude of causes, often proceed in a given culture in more than one direction, and take on more than one kind of form. Some changes are fitful, some are cumulative, some are cyclic, some are pulsating, and some are serial, in that change B is always preceded by A and followed by C. An adequate theory of social causation must account for all these types of change. Though Sorokin verbally rejects the cyclic and the serial types, he more than once has recourse to them. At the same time he is driven, like Spengler, to rejecting the element of cumulative improvement, and he closes his eyes to all evidences of the linear drift which becomes observable if one lengthens the time-perspective sufficiently. Sorokin, after demolishing various one-sided theories of social dynamics, ends with an essentially static doctrine.

In dealing with the possibilities of cultural integration, Sorokin recognizes four main forms: spatial or mechanical juxtaposition, association due to an external factor, causal or functional integration, and internal or what he calls "logico-meaningful" unity. As vulgar illustrations of these possibilities, a random group of pedestrians in Times Square would symbolize the first; if a thunderstorm should drive them to cover they would show the second type; when people assemble on this same spot on Election Night to behold the returns they represent the third; while an underlying unity may be detected in the behavior of the most diverse characters, due to the part played by money and punctuality and machinery and mechanical movement in all their lives—the logico-meaningful integration of our late capitalistic culture.

In Toynbee's monumental study he is concerned, in effect, with all four types of integration. Sorokin, on the other hand, concentrates upon his conception of a culture as a unified logical system. He is sufficiently realistic to admit that not every culture exhibits this type of unity, and that even the most coherent cultures may have elements that fall outside their logical scheme. He therefore rejects the notion that change in any single part of the culture, even in the economic part, must automatically affect every other part. On these points the sociologist triumphs over the ideologue; and Sorokin thereby evades one of the most serious mistakes Marxian critics tend to make—overestimating the organic oneness of a cultural system and overemphasizing society's automatic response to the dominant economic elements: a failure to take into account important human and cultural traits that remain "irrational" in terms of the existing economic order.

Though Sorokin escapes the pitfalls that have caught other sociologists, a sort of blind vanity causes him to fall into a bigger hole of his own digging. He divides the logically integrated types of culture into three main groups. At one pole is what he calls the sensate system, an empirical, extraverted, positivistic culture, directed to the conquest of the external world; at the other pole is what he calls ideationalist culture, with a supernatural theology and metaphysics and a basic otherworldiness, introverted, subjective, disdainful of the animal basis of existence. Between them he acknowledges a mixed culture, or what he calls an idealistic system, with a foot in both worlds. Sorokin, once he has created these methodological distinctions, treats them as *dramatis personae* that actually exist. To substantiate their existence, he offers a huge superstructure of quasi-scholarly proof, of a quasi-mathematical variety: magical passes to awe those who believe in quantitative research.

Unfortunately, all the statistical proofs he offers to confirm the reality and the immanent development of his two main cultural systems are like earnest attempts to count the number of feathers on an angel's wing. The feathers may be real and the counting may be done in good faith: it is the angel who is in question. His "proofs" are based upon the naïve notion that his "cultures" are real entities. Once he has defined the ideationalist system, Sorokin expects to find in an ideationalist period only ideationalist tendencies; whereas in the real world an ideationalist culture like that of the Buddhists may support the invention of prayer wheels turned by water power for the mass production of pious observances. Similar a sensate system like our own, to use for the moment Sorokin's terms, may result in a theory of "matter" that is far more free from materialistic traits than the early Christian version of Heaven. The result is that Sorokin's "statistical" demonstration of the course of literature, philosophy, religion and the arts is both extremely subjective and extremely superficial, and since the thesis is a repeating pattern, the same fallacies are repeated, without modification, in almost every chapter. Perhaps the most important sections of the book are those on the frequency of

[1] Social and Cultural Dynamics, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. New York: American Book Company. 3 vols., 2,163 pages. $18.

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wars and social disorders, for they effectually destroy the complacent assumption that during the last thousand years improvement has gone on steadily in these departments. Whatever is sound or original in these chapters, however, was well stated by Sir Patrick Geddes a generation ago.

By treating his conceptual fictions as if they were facts, the author also manages to make it seem that cultures are as insulated in history as they are in his mind. Hence, according to Sorokin, one system of culture supplants another system by the obscure law of its inner development, without respect to those realities of time and space and function and environment and meaning and symbol that actually constitute a culture. This point of view leads to an abandonment of any rational judgments of value: one culture is as valid as another, even if one culture's fact is another culture's fiction. One cannot say, for example, that a belief in demons is a sign of ignorance since, in terms of an ideationalist culture, it may represent the sum of wisdom. But in actual society—as distinguished from Sorokin's self-begotten systems—there is a tendency for certain truths to accumulate and to form a system of truths, from which the errors and misapprehensions of earlier experiments in culture are progressively extruded. In a real culture, too, certain realities of feeling and emotion tend to accumulate as cultural forms: they become coeval parts of the social heritage into which each generation dips for precisely those elements which meet its needs and desires.

This cumulative element is smaller than the theory of automatic progress indicated, for not every cultural trait is of this universal and viable nature—as with radium a whole culture cycle may refine only a few grains. Nevertheless a cumulative element exists: it is in fact the precious essence of human achievement, and those who deny it are barbarians. Cultures are the creation of living men and women, acting and reacting on their outer environment, acting and reacting on an inner environment that becomes ever more open to collective experience and collective verification. Sorokin's belief in the alternation of self-contained ideological systems—on the basis of which he now predicts a new ideationalist culture—bears as much relation to reality as the opening up of Japanese paper flowers in a bowl of water does to the actual nourishment and growth of plants in the earth.

How is one to account for the blindness, the confusion, the puerility that one finds in this work—along with intelligent insights and vigorous criticism that would perhaps be salutary were it not for the fact that Professor Sorokin's example contradicts all his more rational convictions? One must, in all charity, refer to the author's biography, which he himself calls attention to in his preface. This laborious essay is an attempt, on the part of an exiled Russian who had once believed in democracy, freedom, socialism and progress, to explain why he lives in a different kind of world and why he no longer holds to his earlier shibboleths. Into Sorokin's description of "sensate" culture he hysterically lumps all the things he dislikes in the present world: its concentration upon mechanical means, upon externalities, upon the life of the senses, its acceptance of change and its belief in mundane achievement. He cannot mention any of these characteristics of Western culture during the last few centuries without surrounding them with an aura of emotional disapproval. This reaches a climax of infantile pathology in his repeated reference to the Freudian theory of psychology as representing man to be a "mere bag filled with filthy sex." Such a man has no difficulty in identifying individual crimes against person and property with the collective phenomena known as "disorders" or "revolutions." Loathing what he calls "sensate culture," he proclaims himself an insensate reactionary, who seeks an ideologue's revenge for his own unfortunate state of mind. He has chosen an extravagantly elaborate mechanical means for arriving at a very small personal end.

One regrets this vast emotional obfuscation all the more because the logico-meaningful analysis of culture, which Sorokin seeks to introduce, has an important part to play in sociology. No valid sociology can be erected on purely behaviorist principles; for in every culture there is more than meets the eye, and no amount of external description can describe this portion of it. Thus bread and wine may mean mere nourishment for the body in one culture; they may mean emotional communion with deity in another; the bare fact in each case is the same, but its content, its cultural sign, has changed. Or the wearing of bustles and corsets may be for the sake of attracting the attention of the male to the female in one culture; while the stripping away of clothes may have the same effect in another: the facts are different, but the cultural sign is the same. Real cultures are both extravert and introvert, they have an inner and an outer aspect; they are both sensate and ideational, they change from period to period in both their outward form and their inward sign, they contain both dominant and recessive traits, and a cross section will show both survivals from long buried pasts and unnoticed mutations leading to immediately unpredictable future achievements. To deal with that complex and many-sided reality, the sociologist must be in complete command of himself: free from fears, tics, hatreds, obsessions. No amount of erudition that the Paretos, Spenglers and Sorokins may exhibit can atone in this field for their lack of emotional poise. They go through the motions of scholarship in order to establish ulterior claims to a scientific precision and an objective insight they do not command. So far from rising above the confusions of the workaday world, they automatically mirror its present disintegration, and align themselves with the forces leading to dissolution and death.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Critic and His Absolute

Primitivism and Decadence: A Study of American Experimental Poetry, by Yvor Winters. New York: Arrow Editions. 160 pages. $2.50.

"THIS STUDY originally began," says Mr. Winters in his prefatory Note, "as a sympathetic elucidation of the methods of the Experimental poets; it developed of necessity into an elucidation of their shortcomings." The last two sentences of the book perhaps represent the standard against which the shortcomings are measured.

> It will be seen that what I desire of a poem is a clear understanding of motive, and a just evaluation of feeling; the justice of the evaluation persisting even into the sound of the least important syllable. Such a poem is a perfect and complete act of the spirit; it calls upon the full life of the spirit; it is difficult of attainment, but I am aware of no good reason for being contented with less.

With such a standard, and with poetry being what it is—so ambitious and so careless—judgment is likely to be harsh and sympathy to disappear. It does not matter much if Mr. Winters cannot tell us—and he cannot—what justice is or what it has to do with syllables, what spirit is or whether it is capable of acting; we know what he means by translating his words into our feeling, our general sense, of what constitutes great poetry; which is exactly what Mr. Win-

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ters does himself. The best of his book, indeed all that is good in it, is when he gets back from his expressed standard into his feeling for the working of poetry among its syllables and images without any conscious regard for his standard at all. The worst of his book is when he climbs onto his standard and hauls tight while he whips: the standard, like all standards, rears, paws, and stands still, lathered for nothing.

But it was a good standard and came out of a good feeling, hard to keep up without help, for the great and beautiful qualities, which are yet not the only qualities of good poetry, of control and order and lucidity; and all that Mr. Winters has to say about these qualities or their absence in the poetry of Hart Crane, Marianne Moore, Eliot, Pound, Stevens and Williams is acute and practically helpful in the evaluation of their poetry. He exhibits and elucidates facts, sometimes facts about poems, sometimes facts about the appreciation of poems, and sometimes a confusion of the two kinds of facts. No man is always right in his appreciation of poetry; mistakes are forgiven because they are better than indifference and because, too, the truth is—which Mr. Winters amply demonstrates—that few poems are ever right or clear about their own facts. When Mr. Winters is actually talking about the work of the American experimental poets, how it failed and even how it could have been improved, when he talks about meter and convention or any technical matter, he makes only normal mistakes and produces a great many pertinent and stimulating facts. Pertinent because they illustrate the poetry in question; stimulating, because the experienced reader will see at once that many of them have at least a partial application to all the poetry he reads. This is all that is required and all that ought to be asked of a critic: that he supply facts in terms of his feeling.

Unfortunately, neither critic nor reader is often willing or able to keep such close discipline. Other considerations are desperate to cry out. The mind makes invasion; the sensibility is violated by ideas, and all is lost, at just the wrong times, for the sake of principles, formulas and terminologies. Mastery is replaced by authority; recognition by categorical imperatives. Perhaps the mind will not otherwise do its work of getting the sensibility on paper; it will be literal and logical or nothing; it fears like its own death seeming to lean on the wayward, the provisional, the profoundly disorderly and disconcerting sensibility which actually gives it life; it insists, at any expense of its own values, on the application of absolute principles. That is one reason why criticism must be rewritten every generation—absolutes are momentary; and that is partly why the poetry criticized is sometimes permanent—in the degree that it leans only for appearance upon the absolutes of its time, as Shakespeare leaned on kings. Mr. Winters' system of absolutes, his coinage of intellectual counters, is not much better than other systems or much worse; but it is more bare-faced, candid and uncompromising than most; hence more irritating and I should say easier, in a good cause, to ignore. When he translates his absolutes back into the genuine but ultimately provisional elements of his feeling for poetry, he will be always at the level of his best in this book; he will then never allow a formulary about syllabic form to elevate the relatively dead poetry of Bridges and Sturge Moore above the living poetry of Eliot and Yeats, and I doubt if the poetry of Elizabeth Daryush will appear for judgment at all. Meanwhile, Mr. Winters' willing readers will make a rough translation—a mere paraphrase—for him. Other readers, to their own and Mr. Winters' loss—will prefer the pleasure of irritated rejection.

R. P. BLACKMUR.

Dead Sea

The Wheel Turns, by Gian Dàuli. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE STATEMENT that Dàuli's novel presents "the break-up of a class and a world, mirrored in the break-up of one individual," is a little too easy. The verb "to mirror" denotes too sharp and clean an effect; it does not describe the impact of imperfect society upon the imperfect human beings who inherit, change and inhabit it. "The Wheel Turns" is a rich and admirable piece of work, but in it Dàuli leaves open the question as to whether it is the ant-hill that makes the ant, or the ant that makes the ant-hill.

A masterpiece of fiction, at least once in the last twenty years, has sprung from the interrelation of a violent people and the constrictions put upon them by pre-war petty-bourgeois society. Joyce showed Dublin shabby-genteelism at its most rigid and deadening point: the first years of the present century. Dàuli traces back his present-day situations to the same period, and the same class, in Italy. It was a time exemplified perfectly by the characteristics of its lower middle class; both were without imagination or courage, given to cheap shifts, imitation elegance and feeble snobbery. It was an era of dirty under-linen, stuffy rooms, small lechery and bigotry; a class of small clerks, commercial travelers and little jobbers who clung to a respectability based on nothing but their own poor efforts eked out with whatever chance or chicanery might bring along. No air had as yet been let into the situation by speed, the cinema or a war.

Giovannino, Dàuli's narrator, is the grandson of "a right-thinking bourgeois," who owned a small inherited estate near Vicenza. He lives, a prosperous pawnbroker with gentlemanly hobbies, and is buried in "the tomb of deserving citizens," when he dies. Giovannino's father, a school-master with socialist convictions, wastes his patrimony and degrades his family with irresponsible debauchery. Giovannino's mother, beautiful, violent and frivolous, progresses through a long series of lovers into final insanity. The children of this marriage (with the exception of the oldest and stupidest son, who becomes a Prefect of Italy) lead lives of perfect disorder. Giovannino himself dies a beggar, after an ignoble career as a clerk and a salesman, when he could not persuade other people to support him, or of complete idleness, when he could. The potentially rich energies in these characters (and Dàuli presents them to us with all their humor, color and warmth intact), locked without hope of outlet or real use, into the forms of a fixed class in a bad time, breaks through the shabby social structure in a great burst of crime and madness.

Because they cannot get at a wide scene in which to grow and expend themselves, these men and women remain children, equipped with mature passions. (The diminutive form of the hero's name is indicative.) Their love surges out beyond the limits of their control, and stops in obsession, or wreaks itself in mania. No margin of freedom, spiritual or economic, surrounds them, from which they may draw refreshment. These are not petty, but passionate hearts. Upon such eager, ungrown people, dictatorships, which give them the illusion of maturity and power, feed.

Two extraordinary pictures of morbid passion stand in the book: Giovannino's childish jealousy of the woman he is enslaved by, but cannot love, and his brother Marco's terrible love, mixed with real, if pathological tenderness, for a child. Marco's confession of guilt sets off Giovan-

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nino's smoldering obsession, and love, warped in two ways, cracks across the narrative at its climax, rushing it along into scenes of dreadful frenzy. From the peak of his obsession Giovannino drops into inertia; the regression is complete. And it is blind fate that he blames, up to the end —for how, otherwise, can so much warm life become so convulsed and be so broken?

We know more of the answers than Dàuli allows his narrator to know, but still not all, not enough. Dàuli has written, however, the only kind of novel from which any kind of answer can be drawn: one in which the characters act in the full air of well rendered life, and are not merely creatures who breathe theory and print—the dead climate of the paragraph and the page. LOUISE BOGAN.

Neutrality—Old or New?

Neutrality for the United States, by Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage. New Haven: Yale University Press. 391 pages. $3.50.

IT IS a pleasure to disagree with an authority who in the main seems so nearly right and who is so courageous in expressing his opinions as Professor Borchard. He and his collaborator, Mr. Lage, have produced a sober and scholarly, though iconoclastic, book that must be understood and either approved or answered by anyone who wants to be qualified to deal with what may any day become the most important of all public issues.

The thesis of the authors is that both the United States and the other nations of the world have adopted the wrong course in the search for peace ever since 1914, and that the only sensible procedure is to return to the conception and practices of neutrality developed before that terrible year. "The path of progress was deemed to lie in a firm abstention from the wars of other peoples. While every effort was made to conciliate differences, it was not assumed that in a competitive world all conflicts could be avoided, still less that any good purpose could be served by intervening in the affairs of other nations or by judging the merits of their wars and taking sides accordingly." The effort to keep aloof from previous wars had resulted in a body of international law defining the rights of neutrals as against belligerents—a body of law vague in many respects and often violated, but still subject to substantial enforcement and expansion if stoutly supported. The conclusion is that to resolve to be strictly neutral in all foreign wars, to attempt to apply the traditional laws of neutrality against all belligerents impartially, and to enlarge as much as possible the area of neutral rights, is a substantial contribution to peace, and can keep us out of trouble.

This course was not followed after the outbreak of the World War. Great Britain, like any belligerent who controls the seas, strove to trim down the rights of neutrals to ship goods to her enemies, in violation of the international laws of neutrality. A long diplomatic debate ensued, we protesting, Great Britain answering. Mr. Borchard succeeds in proving that our professed attempt to enforce neutral rights against Great Britain was scarcely more than Pickwickian, because of the desire of President Wilson, Colonel House, Secretary Lansing, and especially Ambassador Page, not to hamper the Entente or to arouse hostility against Britain in this country. Concessions were made almost before they were asked; notes were softened down, at the instance of the British Ambassador, before they were sent or delivered; disputes were allowed to go on for months without coming to an issue; in the end hardly a shred of neutral rights remained. Mr. Page even collaborated with the British Foreign Office in preparing replies to American notes which he admitted, when he presented them, he personally disapproved. Eventual entrance into the War on the side of the Entente was considered sympathetically for months before April, 1917, by those in executive power. These are almost incontrovertible historical facts.

Mr. Borchard further contends—and the contention can hardly be proved—first, that if we had been firm, Great Britain would have receded because of the importance to her of American sympathy and supplies; second, that thus the occasion for the German unrestricted submarine blockade would not have arisen; and third, that in consequence we should have had no *casus belli*. Certain it is that in dealing with Germany about the activities of submarines we were far more firm and peremptory than in dealing with Great Britain about her illegal activities.

Those who support the League and other plans of "collective security" take as their major premise that attempts to enforce neutrality inevitably failed before 1917, that they failed in the Napoleonic wars, and that they are bound to fail in any future world war. Mr. Borchard replies that the failure was not inevitable either in the last century or in this, and that between 1812 and 1917 we actually did succeed in remaining neutral in all European wars. He goes on to attack the "collective security" idea as one based upon a dangerous idealism, breeding armaments and bringing nearer conflicts in which we are asked to pledge ourselves beforehand to become involved.

I believe that his criticism of the League and of collective security is sound, in the present world of imperialist states and nationalist traditions, but it is more difficult to believe that we can stay out of future world wars by the simple attempt to enforce old-fashioned neutral rights. These are, when pared down to their simplest terms, rights to sell as many things as possible to all belligerents impartially. It is to the interest of any belligerent having the power to do so to obstruct our trade with its enemies, and in a life-and-death struggle any nation is certain to do this to the utmost of its ability. In order to preserve our trading rights we should have to go so far as seriously to threaten war against nations controlling the seas. If they thought we were in earnest they might surrender to our insistence, but such a game of bluff and counter-bluff is likely to give rise to uncontrollable forces and to be just as dangerous as the path of "collective security." Mr. Wilson and his advisers were convinced that events would force them actively to favor one side or the other, and that they had to choose. Would not a future Executive under similar circumstances be likely to come to a similar decision?

There is, however, another path that has not been adequately tried. That is the voluntary restriction of our trade with belligerents to such proportions that serious disputes with them would not be likely to arise. It is the path that Congress has set out upon in the new neutrality legislation. Mr. Borchard admits the soundness of the motive behind it. He criticizes the actual legislation, with a good deal of justice, for the discretion it leaves with the President to discriminate among the belligerents. It should, of course, be as far as possible automatic in its equal operation. While no legislation can possibly be equal in its actual effect, measures passed by Congress before any war breaks out, and applied to all belligerents, cannot be criticized as unneutral in intent. There is risk in all possible courses, but this seems to me the least risky of the three, if what we really want is to keep out of war. I disagree with the authors of this book in their apparent conviction that old-fashioned neutrality would involve less peril. GEORGE SOULE.

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Land Where Our Fathers Died

Northwest Passage, by Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

FOR SOMETHING like twenty years Kenneth Roberts has been reminding Americans of their heritage—how once men discovered that this was a mighty continent, a land of untold wealth for hardy people, with huge forests to be turned into homes, fertile lands to till, great rivers for fish and traffic, abundance of wild life and mountains full of metals. The hardy men came, his romances report, from several nations, to fight and scheme against one another and the original possessors, and against the wily boys from home with an eye to their own main chance. In spite of his Saturday Evening Post background of affiliations and ideas, Kenneth Roberts has written some good novels about this country; the black and white demarcations of his pamphleteering shade off into the lighter and darker grays of reality in his best fiction. He still lives in Maine, but it is courage and integrity rather than DAR qualities that mark the hero in his newer historical romances. In this story of Robert Rogers, leader of Rogers' Rangers in the French and Indian wars some years before the Revolution, there is still some stacking of cards in favor of Anglo-Saxon virtues, but heroes and villains are necessary to romantic drama, and the battle for control of our continent makes exciting and dramatic reading.

Langdon Towne left Harvard College because of his skill at cartooning the management, and then became a fugitive from Kittery for speaking out of turn about the rapacity of the King's representatives. In the novel, he serves as Roberts' imaginary chronicler. The wars are on. In the Mohawk Valley is Sir William Johnson, apparently friendly to Rogers, but scheming for control of an immense inland empire; in command of the English armies are Crown officers with a fine contempt for colonial troops and a genius for getting them ambushed. When Towne joins the Rangers, Rogers is preparing to travel north from Crown Point to clean out St. Francis, headquarters for the French Indians who have ravaged the English settlements for years, killing, burning, torturing with more ingenuity than even Buffalo Bill's favorite fiends. It is a story no one should miss reading, this trip to St. Francis and back. A band of two hundred men, some of them Stockbridge and Mohawk Indians, traveling at night, marching through swamps, sleeping in water, short of ammunition, nearly starved, trailed by enemies, reach the village of St. Francis and destroy it. The reader is as glad as the troops that the trip is over. But it isn't. Rogers shines as a commander and diplomat on the trip north; but on the return, with depleted forces, wounded men, troops doubled up with hunger cramps, overcoming unendurable discouragement, risking his life for his men and performing incredible feats of endurance, he emerges a super-hero as well.

The story of St. Francis is the high point of the book. Part II, for which the history is named, comes as an anti-climax in spite of its superb detail of London and the Northwest Indians in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The hero of St. Francis goes to England to pursue his dream of discovering the Passage; there he proves as good a publicist and diplomat with the mighty as he had been with the Indians. He is promised men and supplies to discover the Northwest Passage, and made Royal Governor in the immense Great Lakes region. Here the descent begins, until Towne finally sees his idol with his shoes off. Treachery and frustration trail the great Ranger; the Northwest expedition starts without him. Towne finds him, on their inglorious return, in prison, a changed man. Later he finds him again in London, then in America during the Revolution, become an apt pupil of the masters of treachery.

It is vivid, living history that Kenneth Roberts writes. If such were our forebears, he does well to remind us of them. Anyone interested in the making of the nation, the Indians of the continent—it took skill to depict so many various types without writing like a practising anthropologist—ought to read the book, present-day Indians included. If there is still something of a slant to his history, it will bring the story to many readers who would shy at a more unbiased account, and who ought to read about our dramatic beginnings anyway.

B. E. BETTINGER.

Bypaths of Glory

Marshal Ney: A Dual Life, by LeGette Blythe. New York: Stackpole Sons. 356 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

IT IS an irony of the profession of arms that the most intrepid commander is the one best suited to conduct a rearguard action. And it is as the pure instance of such a commander that students of military history (there are still some left; "The Old Guard dies," *et cetera)* and students of the romantic mood recall Michel Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of the Moskowa, "bravest of the brave," known to his men as *Le Rougeaud*—"Red Face." This man was to Napoleon's war machine as Marinetti is to Mussolini's *Balilla*: the ritualist of the smitten field, high priest of the forlorn hope, the beautifier not the architect of victory, rejoicing, it would seem, that even the bypaths of glory, like its main-traveled roads, lead but to the grave.

Such high-sounding terms come readily from the pen as one closes this beautifully made but irritating volume. Irritating because, though it is equipped with a formidable apparatus of appendices (the testimony of handwriting experts), it lacks both chapter summaries and an index. And since the work is partly a documented historical romance and partly a delving into the roots of modern folklore, one feels the want of these sobering aids to reflection. Briefly, however, it is here set forth that Marshal Ney perhaps did not die before a firing squad of his old command in the Luxembourg Gardens, December 7, 1815. Perhaps the aim was high and wide, or the volley a blank; maybe Ney fell, feigning death, after squashing a bladder of red ink hidden under his jabot, and was smuggled away to America, possibly through the connivance of the Duke of Wellington and his brothers in Masonry. This much admitted, he may then have lived, as rumor long has had it, a Carolina schoolmaster under the name of Peter Stuart Ney; a talented conversationalist and swordsman, a dipsomaniac, the improvisator of better-than-average Byronic verses in the albums of neighboring females. A dual life indeed, with the path of glory leading from a cooper's shop in the Saarland to the tomb of a marshal of the Empire in Père-Lachaise, and with the bypath running on beyond the tomb to a grave in Third Creek Presbyterian churchyard near Salisbury, Rowan County, North Carolina, where the stone is dated 1846.

All this is the true material of legend; and Mr. Blythe has presented his data in lucid style and with a fair measure of objectivity. But, pending further evidence, the book leaves me confirmed in my prior opinion: that here was some personable veteran of the Napoleonic wars—some admirer, as were almost all such, of Ney, "the man who brought his corps through at Krasnoë." As Ney himself

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indubitably was after 1812, so this man seems, from the samples of his discourse here reported, to have been a victim of the delusions and nervous instability that we have learned in recent years to refer to as shell-shock. Without any wish to labor this hypothesis, it is set down in the present connection for what it may be worth. Yet why, after all, should such a man not have the delusion, and convince others, that he was one of Napoleon's marshals? There is a delusion more implausible by far, yet still seductive, which victimized the Man of Destiny himself. GEORGE LIBAIRE.

Eleventh Hour, by Robert Clive. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

Reading this novel is like watching a newsreel featuring foreign events and a love story simultaneously, with a commentator pointing out the highlights. It is a terse, uninspired chronicle of Berlin during Hitler's rise to power, coupled with a disillusioning romance between an English journalist and the English wife of a German official. There are snapshots of swaggering Nazis in shiny riding-boots, the Prussion Diet in session, Hitler orating, dance-halls for homosexuals, masochists, etc., and quick character sketches of various German types and their political opinions. This photographic and emotionless method works well in parts: the author certainly succeeds in conveying the desolate frustration of post-war Berlin. But his love story fails to provide any contrast—for like many of Hemingway's imitators, he seems to imagine that curt understatement and the highlighting of minor details are adequate means of ensuring an impression of deep and hidden emotions. As a result much of his copious dialogue is pure prattle, his main characters are very irritating with their small superciliousness, and the good stuff is sterilized by forced nonchalance. R. V.

Contributors

P. STUYVESANT is the pseudonym of a well informed observer of New York City politics.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS has been a newspaperman since 1903. "The Conning Tower," his daily column, was known throughout the English-speaking world.

WALTER DURANTY's article in this issue will be the preface to a popular edition of "I Write as I Please," to be published this fall by the Blue Ribbon Library.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of "Threshold and Hearth," a book of verse. A new book of poems, "Cold Morning Sky," will appear this fall.

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of many books and articles on art, literature and the social sciences. His books include "The Brown Decades," "Herman Melville" and "Technics and Civilization."

R. P. BLACKMUR is the author of "The Double Agent," a book of essays, and of "From Jordan's Delight," a book of verse recently published by Arrow Editions. He is a Guggenheim fellow for 1937.

LOUISE BOGAN's books of verse include "Body of This Death," "Dark Summer" and "The Sleeping Fury," published this spring by Scribner's. She has also written book reviews and critical articles.

GEORGE LIBAIRE has translated the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt, of which the second volume, "No Peace with Napoleon," was published last year.

The initials signed to the brief review are those of Richard Vaughan.

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I HAVE completed the synthesis between the Newton-Einstein Cosmogony and the *reality* of Religion and State. Capitalism and Communism alike, however (to include politicians, parsons, literati, editors, publishers), as ever these have been of the Thinker, are afraid. Born into *force* they can only so behave and "reason." Their bewildered yet powerless "meek," though, are welcoming the synthesis: which also is in keeping with the *Past*. My final quest is work in a community or Country which is ALIVE. Background: successively, electrical-steam engineering, free-lance editor and publisher, rural-planner, essayist, lecturer; able administrator. Wife is highly accredited in applied Public Welfare. Letters, "Tomorrow." Box 30, The New Republic.

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